JOHN BULL, week ending APRIL 18, 1942.

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXI. 1870

3D EVERY THURSDAY

HOW NEAR TO EQUALITY? by the EDITOR

LIVE SHELLS IN NEW BATTLE DRILL

THE MIRACLE OF MALTA By A.G.G.

"Johnnie was questioned on his way home from school"

A little chill of fear runs through the family, a sudden stillness falls upon the tea-table.

What might the little chap have said that could be twisted? What exactly was he asked? . . .

Don't keep saying it couldn't happen here! It happened last week to the little son of that nice restaurant proprietor in Brussels, it will happen to-morrow to the daughter of that jolly old fisherman at St. Malo. (And the next night Daddy doesn't come home from work.)

It will happen here — if you let it.

Put up your barrier now; a barrier of shot and shell, plane and tank, for which the eager hands reach out. Pile in your money with both hands for the one thing that matters — security.

What else can you use your money for that is one half so precious as the freedom to love and laugh and grouse out loud, as your father did before you?

★ ★ ★

Put every penny you can scrape together into — War Savings!

Issued by the National Savings Committee

FOOD FACTS

You may think your child is just playing about, but all day long he is growing as well. Because he is hard at work doing two jobs at once he needs the greatest share of body-building foods. See that he gets his fair share of meat, bacon, eggs, cheese, or milk. Remember that Dad, even though he is the breadwinner, has only one job to do, but your Billy has *two* all the time! Here is a good specimen menu for a child from 2 to 6 years old:

Billy 3 inches taller

Breakfast

Oatmeal porridge. Baked bacon potato cakes (potato cakes containing chopped bacon and baked in the oven or warmed under the grill). Milk.

Dinner

Vegetable milk soup and Baked potato *or* Cheese and Potato pie (*recipes below*), and a green vegetable. Chocolate mould and Wheatmeal rusks.

Tea-Supper

Raw grated carrot *or* mustard and cress sandwiches. Plain cake or wheatmeal scones. Milk.

CHEESE AND POTATO PIE

Time: Preparation 5 mins. Cooking: 40 mins. *Ingredients:* 6 potatoes, 1 oz. margarine, 3 oz. grated cheese, salt and pepper. *Quantity:* 4 helpings. *Method:* Steam potatoes, peel, mash with margarine and grated cheese. Season. Put in fireproof dish. Bake in hot oven for 10 mins. or brown under grill for 5.

VEGETABLE SOUP

Time: Preparation 15 mins. Cooking: 1 hour. *Ingredients:* 3 potatoes, 4 carrots, ½ small swede, 1 leek, 1 oz. dripping or margarine, 2 oz. rolled oats or oatmeal, parsley, pepper and salt, 1 pint milk and 1 pint water. *Quantity:* 4 helpings. *Method:* Fry oatmeal in fat, smooth with cold water, add rest of water and bring to boil. Add veg., cover and simmer for 1 hr. Add milk and seasoning; reheat but do not boil. Finally sprinkle with chopped parsley.

The RADIO DOCTOR says: "Potatoes are best steamed or baked in their jackets. Then you get the greatest amount of vitamin." *Hear him on Wednesdays at 8.15 a.m. in the Kitchen Front.*

FOOD FACTS No. 90 THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1

EXCUSE ME— I'm on my own till after the War!

To meet the Government's desire to standardise tin sizes, Andrews is now obtainable in one large size only. Although the price is changed to 1/10½d., including purchase tax, the new large tin contains 8 ozs. (instead of 7 ozs. at 1/6½d.)

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KEEPING PACE with your child's food requirements in war-time

★

Horlicks is a valuable addition to the diet

A CHILD'S appetite is just the same in war-time as in peace-time! Every mother knows this.

Most children have a liking and a desire for "something sweet," and you know, of course, that this desire for sweet things springs from the bodily need which a lively, growing child has for a food that can be quickly converted into energy.

Horlicks contains natural sugars (milk sugar and malt sugars) and dextrins. These pass very rapidly into the blood-stream, providing the quick energy children need.

There is also a high proportion of protein (body-building material) in Horlicks — 14.2%. Half of this is milk protein, half cereal protein; an ideal dietary yield.

In addition, Horlicks supplies protective minerals. Horlicks therefore makes a most useful addition to the diet of the active, growing child.

NO MILK NEEDED

The correct way to make Horlicks is and always has been to mix it with *water only*. The milk is already in it. What an advantage this is for mothers of young children at the present time! The use of Horlicks makes no demands on your milk supply.

So let your children have Horlicks as often as you can. They'll love it and it will do them so much good. Prices are the same as before the war: from two shillings a bottle, at all chemists and grocers.

★ ★ ★

We ask you to be patient when you cannot get Horlicks. Our reduced supplies are being distributed as evenly and fairly as possible.

HORLICKS

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, April 18, 1942.
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true"

GONE UP IN SMOKE

● **People are smoking more, which means that more shipping space, urgently needed for war supplies, must be used for our luxuries.**

Should smoking therefore be rationed?

A rationing scheme would be difficult to apply. It would (if it could be worked successfully) reduce the nation's revenue.

The Government must have received more than £210,000,000 in tobacco duty last year.

But obviously—since that amount of surplus money was available—it could have been gathered by direct taxation.

There is something else to be said.

If we cut our smoking by half, 50,000 tons of shipping space would be saved in a year.

And shipping space is more important even than money to our war effort.

Rationing may be impracticable. But there is no reason why every smoker should not voluntarily cut down tobacco consumption and thus help the country towards victory.

Straight from the Shoulder

SPRING MOVES

LIKE pieces in a gigantic jig-saw puzzle, the movements of Allied forces are making clear the future shape of the war.

Not for much longer will it be left to the Axis forces to set the time and place of vast operations.

On the Move

General Marshall is in London to discuss how the fast-growing U.S. army shall be used to "carry the war to the enemy."

Our own Army is now equipped and fighting fit. Our air offensive mounts to a new peak of intensity—with comparatively slight losses.

The Russians bring up new armies to continue their offensive.

General Jockey

We are so well prepared in Libya that it is Rommel who now jockeys for position and plays for time.

The strength of our reinforcements to Ceylon suggests that we intend it to be an advance operational base.

India's Future

To protect India, Gen. Wavell will need all the forces he can muster.

It is an historic blunder, a tragedy of mistrust, that Indian leaders have rejected the British offer of freedom when the common enemy is seeking to enslave them.

We can but hope they will yet rally all India's myriads to India's defence.

Battle of the Bay

India's peril will be grave unless we gain control of the Bay of Bengal. Our naval losses there should again emphasise the need not only for air protection but for a torpedo-'plane offensive.

There is no magic in Japanese bombers. They could not penetrate a screen of British fighters.

Plans Upset

Though the Germans will hurl a tremendous weight of metal and men against the Soviet Union when the rivers of mud harden, it will not be so heavy nor come quite so soon as Hitler planned.

The heroes of Bataan have fallen with exhaustion. But the attempt to invade Australia has had to be postponed—because, for the first time, the Japanese have met their match in the air. Now, however, the Japs are bringing up reinforcements.

Towards India

So, as a result, the Japanese turn westwards. The fighting in Burma will stiffen. There will be more bombs on India.

Never have British troops fought so bravely against fantastic odds as in the paddy fields of the Sittang valley.

Yet their gallantry makes bitter reading.

Where are the 'Planes!

For their plight is the same as that suffered by their brothers in Norway, Flanders, Greece, Crete and Singapore.

They cry, "Where are our 'planes?"

Conspicuous Absence

"Jap bombers and dive-bombers lash at them from the sky from morning to night," writes a former JOHN BULL man who is now a war correspondent in Burma.

The loss of Toungoo and Prome, he testifies, was primarily due to the absence of air support. A whole fortnight elapsed without a single Allied fighter soaring into the blue Burmese sky!

Explanation

It is no consolation that reinforcements are on the way. They should have arrived long since.

They did not arrive because, great though our aircraft production has become, it is still too little for our needs.

The tragedy of Burma was laid in British factories and British shipyards.

Stark Reality

Fighter 'planes must be delivered by sea And the strain upon our shipping is without parallel in all history.

To support our Middle East armies alone, 300 merchantmen were continuously employed throughout last year.

Indeed, 80 per cent. of our total war production has to be shipped abroad. Therefore, even the million tons of new merchant shipping we build a year is less than our requirements. Just as the new Budget, onerous though it is, will not meet our tremendous war needs!

The Remedy

More ships. More 'planes. We need them badly. We need them urgently.

The remedy for speedier production has been outlined in these columns. It is repeated by "Parliament's watchdog"—the Select Committee on National Expenditure.

Smooth Flow

To express it simply, we must even out the supply of raw materials, iron out the bottlenecks in transport, kick out any inefficient managements.

But there are important subsidiary factors. The transport of workers, the transfer of workers, and the housing of workers should be greatly improved.

Dead Hand

What of the employers' side? Here, too, different methods are imperatively demanded.

Employers are harassed and hamstrung by delays in the issue of contracts. They are made to fret and fume by fumbling bureaucrats who have not the imagination to realise that while they dally thousands of workers are kept idle.

Old and Gnarled

The blue-veined hands of the Treasury mandarins are swathed in red tape. Their rigid grip on the war machine has survived from the distant past when war was a slow and scarlet-coated affray that made small demands on the nation as a whole.

This war is too big and too fast for them.

Nice for Hitler

So production is lost—a present to the enemy—while officials ponder whether to give their august approval to a vital war contract issued by another Government Department.

It makes no difference whether the contract concerns millions of pounds or a few shillings. It must go through the slow machinery of official "consideration."

Stranglehold

Moreover, the system of which the Treasury is the main pillar is imposed upon all official bodies. A Gordian knot of red tape strangles the nation's business

Even to get a mattress for a Civil Defence worker requires reams of paper and a delay of weeks.

Approaching the Limit

Magnify that trifle by a million and you have some notion of the fantastic folly imposed upon industry.

The evil is the greater because industry cannot be enlarged much more. The major part of our building programme is nearing completion.

The task before us now is to get more output from *existing* works.

Manpower

So, too, with the workers. Our man-and woman-power is not illimitable.

No longer is it a question of drafting millions more men and women into war production.

The problem confronting us is how production can be raised by the men and women already on war work.

Under Weight

The United Nations are now disposing their armed forces and their immense supplies to the best advantage.

What is being done on the World Front can also be done on the Home Front.

It is calculated that our industry has achieved little more than 60 per cent. of its potential capacity. For various reasons, 100 per cent. is almost impossible of attainment. But 75 or 80 per cent. can and must be reached.

Beginning the End

An extra 10 or 20 per cent. will do more than enable us to increase our blows on the enemy. It will mark the beginning of his end and bring that end far nearer than may seem possible in present conditions.

Towards that goal, every man and woman in the country can advance by working harder, spending less and saving more.

(Continued overleaf)

WHY NOT TRAM LINES!

● **The scrap situation is serious. Reserves are low.**

At least 500,000 tons of gates and railings must be collected. Up to 12,000 tons a week are being taken; 120,000 houses have so far been affected.

The householders ask: "Why take my bit of railing before all the disused tram lines have been taken up?"

Scores of them have written to JOHN BULL about it. To save the stamps of others, JOHN BULL had better explain that there is a lack of skilled labour to make up the roads after the lines have been removed.

Much the same applies to the damage done during the removal of private railings. There is a lack of skilled men; the use of acetylene burners is too costly.

But any damage will be made good at State expense.

The next step in the scrap campaign must be compulsory power for the Government to requisition scrap in privately owned quarries, mines and other undertakings.

The public can help by reporting such dumps—and by handing over every scrap of metal from the lumber room!

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

ONE more step has been taken towards a total war effort.

Equipment is now to be installed in some fire stations to enable N.F.S. men to produce parts for aircraft in their stand-by time.

A small step. But it will be followed by others.

Coming Changes

The scheme, it is hoped, will be extended to other sections of Civil Defence—as JOHN BULL has frequently advocated.

By such means, some 200,000 workers may be added to the ranks of industry without weakening the country's essential defences.

Obscured Skill

At the same time, however, many Civil Defence workers are being released for full-time work in factories.

Their skill as engineers, mechanics, and so on has been wasted for two-and-a-half years. They are being replaced by part-time volunteers—an economical and no less satisfactory arrangement.

Late News

There's no end to modern wonders. Leaders of the British raid on Norway last December have just been awarded decorations for gallantry.

So it has taken less than four months for Officialdom to realise that the Commandos, Navy and R.A.F. did a gallant job of work on that occasion.

Truly this is the age of speed.

St. Nazaire

More wonderful still, the news that we lost less than a hundred killed in the St. Nazaire triumph was published within a week.

Yes, but JOHN BULL knew the figures still earlier. Officialdom spoke only after the enemy had claimed that our losses were enormous.

Make It Quick!

A pity the Germans are always allowed to get in first. A pity—as JOHN BULL remarked last week—that propaganda remains our weakest weapon.

And the best form of propaganda is truthful news issued promptly.

Pinchbeck

Sir Warren Fisher's quarrel with Mr. Morrison has at least one memorable feature: his phrase, "pinchbeck Hitlerism."

If he wishes to crusade against a whole legion of pinchbeck Hitlers he should tilt at the local councils who have decided that ratepayers shall no longer know the salaries of their officials, whether there is any jiggery-pokery, and, indeed, how any of the public business is conducted.

In Secret

All the council has to do when it wishes to keep the public and the public Press in the dark is to go "into committee," where its deliberations and decisions are secret.

More and more councils are adopting this dodge, in defiance of Government wishes.

War provides a grand excuse for pinchbeck Hitlerism at the parish pump.

Mum about Invasion

But now, it seems, local authorities themselves are to be kept in the dark.

Invasion committees are being set up without reference to local civil defence bodies!

Fife County Council rightly protests that confusion will be worse confounded unless the local authority knows where the invasion committees are, who they are, and what they're doing.

Asking for Trouble

Not only confusion will result.

There will be chaos, there may be something worse, if all the anti-invasion units do not work in closest co-operation and understanding.

Weapons for Wardens

However, while some local councils are still "giving consideration" to suggestions for fusing Civil Defence with the Home Guard, other units have acted on their own initiative.

In one district on the outskirts of London, for example, the Home Guard has already arranged voluntary weapon training for wardens.

General Enterprise

Scores of wardens have qualified in a musketry test and are now to master other weapons, including hand-grenades and machine-guns.

We should like to see similar enterprise shown throughout the country.

30th Middlesex Battalion

Incidentally, we commented recently on rehearsals for a ceremonial parade held by the 30th Middlesex Battalion, Home Guard.

We are glad to hear that ceremonial parades are the exception and not the rule in this unit.

Half-Baked

Wholly exceptional, we may hope without much reason for hope, is the blind selfishness of rich interests in Calcutta.

They have passed resolutions against adopting the "scorched earth" policy in India because the undertakings are privately owned and not State-owned.

In other words, they want to be sure of compensation before impeding the enemy should India be invaded.

A la Russe

The Russians didn't haggle about compensation before firing their homesteads to bar the path of the invader.

Whereas the British in North Malaya allowed the invader to help himself. Not until he swept southwards did Malaya scorch its earth and burn its rubber.

Calcutta's financiers should look beyond their moneybags to Russia and Malaya.

Sugar by the Ton

Here in Britain, it seems, we destroy food before the threat of invasion.

One thousand tons of sugar are said to have arrived at Leith in coal trucks; nearly every sack burst; disgusted workers couldn't tell the sugar from the coal.

The allegations have been reported to Lord Woolton and the Minister of Health. The result will be awaited with interest by a public that does not waste even kitchen scraps.

Office Revels

Something else to catch Lord Woolton's eye is a report sent to us about a dinner and concert held by office workers at a North Wales munition factory.

He might inquire whether the meat and other rationed provisions came from the canteen supplies for industrial workers.

Plenty of Food!

Sometimes we think there is too much food about—though not for the housewife.

Before us is a menu of Selsdon Park, near Croydon. So far as we know, Selsdon Park does not cater for manual workers who require big meals.

Your Choice

For lunch, you could take your pick of hors d'œuvres, soup, spaghetti and tomato, pilaff of fish and curry sauce, fillet of haddock, or stewed beef or leg of chicken. Or pressed-beef or tongue—with buttered artichokes

Sweet? Well, there was mille famille Parisien, tapioca pudding or stewed fruit; custard, junket, honeycomb mould, fruit jelly or an ice. With biscuits and cheese to follow, and coffee as a finale.

Light Dinner

Dinner included the choice of such trifles as smoked salmon, turbot, roast lamb, tongue, and so on. And buttered cauliflowers. And marmalade pudding—*marmalade* pudding!

There is no doubt that Selsdon Park gets only its allotted supplies. There is some doubt whether exclusive clubs and restaurants should get quite so much.

Spring Coat

More than enough, also, are the specifications sent to us by the director of a firm of decorators.

They relate to decorations required by various shops in South London. One consists of thirty-four items, including such jobs as regilding the name-plate, removing lamp brackets, painting the shop-front in aluminium and golden plum colour.

Such non-essential work should be left till peace has been won. There cannot be "Business as Usual" while labour is needed to finish the biggest job we have ever undertaken.

Less Pay, Please!

But Officialdom as well as some private myopes still think in peace time terms. Thus, 25,000 Civil Servants who worked on Good Friday received their ordinary pay plus time and a half.

Praise them for objecting to two and a half times their normal pay. They have the sense to know that war should entail some sacrifices. So have most of the public. So have the men and women of the Forces, who received no extra pay for Good Friday.

But not all branches of Officialdom!

Their Mistake!

Mistakes will happen. But one reader may be pardoned for being upset by an official notification that her Serviceman son had been taken prisoner of war in Singapore on February 15.

Now she has received a letter from him, posted in March from the Middle East—where he has been all the time!

No Grounds

On the other hand, some readers make mistakes, too.

Quite a few complaints that have been sent to us, and which we have had officially investigated, have proved groundless after much trouble and expense.

With Care

For instance, one inquiry wasted the time of a general, a brigadier and battalion commanders, to the detriment of more important duties.

Write to JOHN BULL about it whenever you have cause. But please make reasonably sure that you have cause!

Behind the News

- **Shock to Nazi plan to use Finns as spearhead of attack on Murmansk is discovery of powerful front that wants peace with Russia.**
- *Hitler's fantastic claims of 20,000,000 Russian casualties have dismayed instead of encouraged satellite States. If after such supposed losses Stalin can still drive Hitler back, they dread to think what real Russian strength must be!*
- Sudeten Germans, whose "deliverance" from Czechs started Hitler on the war, are now the most rebellious section of Reich.
- **German finance system shows more cracks. Hitler has begun another drive to get the treasures of the Catholic Church.**
- *For protesting against this secret war within a war, Munich Cardinal Faulhaber's life has recently been twice attempted.*
- Full story of great anti-spy sensation in U.S.A. may soon be made public. Agents who planned to "bottleneck" U.S.A. and Canadian shipbuilding programmes have been arrested before they could begin operations.
- **Nazi High Command are furious at Italian agreement to exchange wounded. Show-up of Nazi treachery in similar circumstances increases German fear of the truth about Allies brought home by repatriated Italians.**
- *Preparing his political "blitz" against the Middle East, Hitler has sent all available Eastern traitors, agents and spies to Athens, where the Grand Mufti of Jerusalem is in charge.*
- Hamburg Institute for Tropical Diseases has been transferred to Warsaw as a defence line against typhus.
- **Italians boast a "new secret weapon"—a storm boat charged with explosives, from which the driver is thrown out by a mechanism before it hits its target. A suicide job!**
- *Goebbels now hints, in another sensational article, that threat of starvation hangs over Germany.*
- Guerilla army, led by a Norwegian named Larsen, operates in the rear of German-Finnish forces in the north of Russia.

Without Fear or Favour — *By the Editor*

HOW NEAR TO EQUALITY?

OUR friends by their warnings and our enemies by their brutal acts continually remind us that, should we lose this war, shame and slavery will be our portion, if not for Hitler's "thousand years," at least for our lifetime and our children's.

This is true.

What has happened in Hongkong and New Britain, in German-occupied Russia, and in other lands under the power of the Axis, *would* happen here were we defeated.

What we all need to realise, however, is that we are fighting for something much greater than our lives, for, unless words have lost their meaning, we are also fighting to save our souls.

The Atlantic Charter has set forth what the United Nations understand by "Freedom." We do not seek it for ourselves alone; we aim at nothing less than the freedom of all men to live their lives in peace and security and without fear.

Total and decisive victory in the field is essential to the salvation of mankind and the maintenance of all that is best in civilisation.

But we have also to vanquish poverty and injustice. These are older enemies than the Huns, and the powers of privilege will not be overthrown without a revolution in our own land.

This righteous revolution has already begun.

It is a revolution by consent and the wish of the people. They are not only determined to win the war in the field, but they are also resolved to win the war of ideas and ideals.

It is becoming dangerous to preach "equality of sacrifice" and not to practise it.

Many of our leading men realise this. National newspapers, almost without exception, are urging a nearer approach to this equality.

Sir William Beveridge, now preparing for submission to the Government a more comprehensive scheme of social insurance than has ever previously been contemplated, goes farther than any Government spokesman has cared or dared to do so far.

Answering a question put to "The Brains Trust" the other day, he said:

"Frankly, I wish we had conducted this war altogether on a basis of soldier's pay for everybody."

John Bull believes, if a plebiscite of the country were taken, Sir William's views would be supported by an overwhelming majority.

Whether such a drastic change in our social economy would be immediately practicable is another matter, but, beyond the slightest doubt, there are some reforms which could be and which ought to be implemented at once.

FIRST and foremost of these is an increase in the pay and allowances of Servicemen.

Everybody assumes, including the new Minister of War, that the morale of the troops is magnificent. Civilians may need encouragement and even goading, but—they seem to think—"the Army of to-day's all right."

So it is—up to a point. The troops are keen enough; indeed, they are longing to have a go at the enemy.

Their training is being modernised and enormously improved. The "duds" and "dug-outs" are fast being weeded out of the commissioned ranks, and the material welfare of the men is closely studied.

But you cannot expect any fighting man to be thoroughly happy if he feels that "the missus and the kids" are finding it hard to make ends meet.

Pay has been increased—a little. And the men are promised a small nest-egg when the war is over. Allowances are a trifle less stingy than they were. Hardship grants are on the whole slightly more generous and sooner dealt with than of yore.

Still, it is nonsense to pretend that Service pay and allowances approach equality with normal wages.

At the recent Co-operative Party Conference in London it was strongly urged that there should be a basic allowance of 40s. a week for the wives of Servicemen, together with 8s. 6d. for every child.

John Bull fully endorses this demand. We also support the resolution which called for increased allowances to war widows and disabled men.

And we have always held that our own troops should at least be paid upon a scale equal to that of their Anzac and American comrades.

After all, we fought to get the farm labourer his three-pound-a-week minimum. Is it not shameful that we should have to fight to secure a similar minimum for our fighting men?

It is no less shameful that three large and splendidly well-intentioned charities should be continually begging the public to contribute to the care and comfort of these men and their families in cases where Government provision does not meet real distress.

Our notion of "equality" in this connection is that the State should assume full responsibility for all those who fight for it, and for their families, and secure them from want no matter what the circumstances.

With scarcely less sense of urgency, John Bull *advocates an immediate increase in the scale of Old Age Pensions.*

Under present conditions the basic rate of 10s. a week is not enough to meet the normal needs of any old person. The supplementary allowance is certainly not subject to a family Means Test in the old sense of the phrase, but it is not granted unconditionally; it has to be applied for, and it is by no means generous.

We believe that Great Britain cannot afford to save pennies out of the old folks' pockets. We maintain that it *must* afford to put the pensioners beyond the reach of hardship and of want.

These two major reforms could be put through quickly if the Government was convinced of the public's demand for them. They are an essential first approach to the principle of equal sacrifice.

BUT John Bull also holds that other reforms, of less seeming and immediate consequence, are urgently desirable as evidence of good and sincere intention.

We have, for instance, long advocated the complete rationing of all foodstuffs. We should like the points system to be applied to every article of food, cheap or dear, that is not in free supply.

And, at the same time, we feel bound to urge once more the importance of stopping luxury eating in hotels and restaurants.

Very likely the total amount of food—or at least of rationed food—that is now unfairly consumed by people with enough money to "eat out" is not large, but the grievance in the public mind is growingly serious.

Ordinary people, working long hours to win the war and taking their meals in British Restaurants and canteens, do resent, and have a right to resent, the privileged gluttony of a selfish minority.

This kind of exasperated resentment has hastened the attack upon the profiteers and the black markets. Strict and equal rationing would soon put the racketeers out of business altogether.

Let our readers take note that we have here indicated nothing more than a few of the immediate objectives of the social revolution which is already taking place.

But the cardinal virtue of democracy lies in the fact that, sooner or later, the will of the people must prevail.

It lies in our own power to achieve precisely that measure of equal sacrifice and equal opportunity which we want and for which we are willing to pay.

Think it over. If you are not willing to pay for it, then you do not really want it.

"'Arf a mo', Adolf!"

DO you remember the cheerful Cockney Tommy in the last war cartoon stopping to light a fag?

With a saucy smile which was half a wink he was saying: "'Arf a mo', Kayser!"

He was one of the mountainous comic figures of the years 1914-18. The other was Old Bill.

★ ★ ★

And one of the most significant differences between this war and the last is that this war has produced no mountainous comic figures. It has not even produced one the size of a molehill.

Grim faces look at us from the appeal posters now. They say, "It all depends on *me*." They don't suggest that the war should be held up long enough to light a cigarette. They don't grin. They don't wink.

There is no "'Arf a mo', Adolf!" about it.

There is no successor to Old Bill. Indeed, the grand old boy is having to carry on himself through another war because there is nobody after his job.

And look at the theatres. Chekhov. Shaw. Serious plays. Not only in London, but in the farthest provincial towns.

In the last war it was "A Little Bit of Fluff" and "Chu Chin Chow" and "The Bing Boys."

Despite the scar it has left on history and a whole generation of people still living, there must have been a phase of the last war that was Jolly Good Fun, because the Comic Man was so prominent.

★ ★ ★

The Comic Man is having a slim time now. There's no Jolly Good Fun about the present affair.

Which gives us hope. So long as there's a funny side to toothache we keep the dentist waiting. We go on having toothache. But when toothache stops being funny it is merely a nuisance.

This war is no joke, and that's where the hope comes in. This war is a nuisance. It is a nuisance to all mankind. If you can see all mankind as one man, it is an aching tooth. And the man (thank heaven) is beginning to see that it is no good being funny about it.

★ ★ ★

When you can laugh at a thing there is something, however slight, acceptable about it. And if you accept it this time you're half ready to accept it next time. You take it for granted. You say, "Well, I've *always* had toothache."

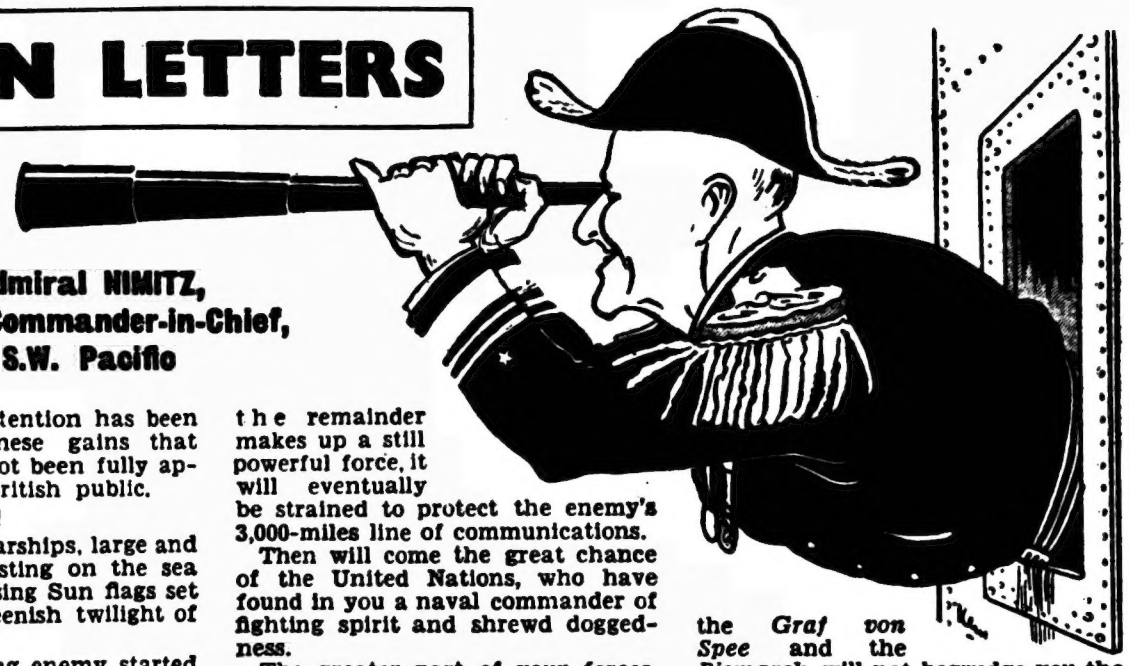
But this war, somehow, is different. We're not pessimistic; but we've got more sense.

We no longer fall for the old bunk that war is glamorous; that it is grand; that it is a kind of international pageant.

To-day we know that it's just an unadulterated international nuisance.

WILL SCOTT.

OPEN LETTERS



Admiral NIMITZ, Naval Commander-in-Chief, S.W. Pacific

SIR,—So much attention has been paid to Japanese gains that their losses have not been fully appreciated by the British public.

And what losses!

More than 100 warships, large and small, are now rusting on the sea bed, with their Rising Sun flags set for ever in the greenish twilight of the Pacific depths.

Our back-stabbing enemy started the war with 5,000,000 tons of shipping. One million no longer exist.

A fifth of his cruiser strength has been destroyed. A tenth of his destroyer strength. And many a laden troopship!

It is an astonishing total. Though the remainder makes up a still powerful force, it will eventually be strained to protect the enemy's 3,000-miles line of communications.

Then will come the great chance of the United Nations, who have found in you a naval commander of fighting spirit and shrewd doggedness.

The greater part of your forces, I believe, are as American as yourself.

Our own Navy, which for so long kept open the sea lanes of the world without aid, which scored such memorable victories as those of Cape Matapan and the sinking of the *Graf von Spee* and the *Bismarck*, will not begrudge you the praise you have so quietly earned.

I reckon you're going to receive some powerful reinforcements some time, Admiral.

After which, the Japanese navy shouldn't be worth writing about.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir JAMES CRICC, Secretary of State for War

DEAR SIR,—I am not amused to read that a six-month-old Society baby has "already been entered on the Register of Future Officers of the Grenadier Guards."

But I am perplexed.

What of the new policy of choosing officers for their brains instead of their birth?

What of the public's determination to secure equal opportunity for all?

A lot of outworn customs will be banished by post-war social reforms. But why wait for peace time before scrapping that snobbish Register?—JOHN BULL.

Mr. GEOFFREY LLOYD, M.P., Secretary for Petroleum

DEAR SIR,—Though petrol rations for private users have been drastically reduced, such advertisements as the following continue to appear:

"Car hire. Drive yourself, from £1 a day. Petrol available."

That's all right if the cars are hired for business purposes. Not if they merely take the elderly rich to shops and theatres!—JOHN BULL.

Air Vice-Marshal A. C. CARROD, Chief of R.A.F. Training

DEAR SIR,—One reader volunteered for the R.A.F. a year ago. He was enlisted last August and sent home to await training. In October he was informed that he might be called up at the end of November; now he is told he may be called up at the end of next month.

I hear of many such cases. I realise the difficulty of giving them definite dates, which must depend on the needs of the Service and the size of its reserves.

But would it not be possible to give some priority to men who, like my reader, are left "high and dry" for many months?—JOHN BULL.

Lady TITCHFIELD, Dauntless Campaigner

DEAR MADAM,—I hope you will not get hurt by banging your head against a brick wall—there is nothing more unyielding than the wall of official "policy."

Tuberculosis is rising, yet less sanatorium accommodation is available. Many of the beds were earmarked for other purposes at the beginning of the war, and though they are still unused the authorities won't hand them back.

Well, go on trying to get them restored to the people who need them so badly. After all, you may succeed eventually!—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ERNEST BEVIN, M.P. Minister of Labour and National Service

DEAR SIR,—Here's an opportunity to show the efficiency of your vast organisation, to prevent injustice and to obtain some of the labour you so badly need.

As you may have read, the Army is combing out its "over forty-five" officers. Those found unfit are being ruthlessly deprived of their commands.

That is necessary for the Army's welfare. But it must not be allowed to deprive them of a living.

Many of them, who fought bravely and well in the last war, made great sacrifices to serve their country, giving up good jobs and assured incomes. It is not their fault if, in middle-age, they are no longer as physically fit as their juniors.

Some of them will be given posts in the Home Guard. There will not be room for all; thousands more must go back to civilian life.

I suggest that you confer with the Secretary for War to ensure that they shall not think their country is ungrateful and become embittered by a search for work.

They are used to controlling men. And there is a shortage of staff managers in our industries.

It should not be difficult, therefore, to accommodate those officers who are not quite up to the exacting standards of the new Commando-planned Army.

And it should be so arranged that work is made available *immediately* they leave the Service, for which purpose I suggest you should make your plans without even a week's delay.—JOHN BULL.

Air Vice-Marshal JOHN D'ALBIAC, Defender of Ceylon

DEAR SIR,—Though you were a dreamer when young, your family say that action always makes you wide awake. The Japanese can have no doubt of it, since in their first raid on Colombo they lost 27 aircraft for certain and probably another 30 of the original force of 75.

That was just a beginning. The air-tight organisation (if you'll pardon the phrase) that you have built up in Ceylon should make the island a Malta of the East.

Already you and your gallant lads have won the admiring respect of all Britain. Keep it up!—JOHN BULL.

The MEMBERS, L.C.C. Hospitals Committee

GENTLEMEN,—Here's a little matter involving a big principle:

Your resident nurses complain to me that all their soap coupons are retained by the hospital. They are handed back only three ounces of toilet soap for the whole rationing period—and, if available, some soap flakes.

As they are in contact with contagious or dirty cases, they need a far more ample allowance. Don't you agree?—JOHN BULL.

All in One Camp

ARGUE IT OUT

By Pallas

EVER-since the law of natural selection began to operate and the first man dragged the first woman to his cave to found a family, the human race has moved forward in its gregarious way.

From the family grew the clan, bound together by ties of blood. Then came the tribe, with its rude elementary sense of justice, its taboos, its rough acknowledgment of the rights of property.

Tribes grew in strength, and from them came the federations. Nations were born. Empires were created, some to last for hundreds of years. They ruled subject races and administered harsh laws.

As the centuries rolled by, man became closer to his fellows. Ancient boundaries vanished. But wars persisted. So did fears born of greed and selfishness and envy.

* * *

Yet, despite these handicaps, man continued slowly to progress towards unity.

And to-day, with the world forces gathered into two hostile camps, there is evidence that the war, with all its attendant horrors and evils, has this achievement to its credit.

Before the war the world was split into scores of hostile races and empires.

Now all those animosities have gone. The world is in two groups—one the United Nations, the other the Axis Powers.

Under the banner of Freedom, in the camp of all who would be free, are united men of all colours and all creeds. White men, black men, yellow men follow the flag.

In this vast camp—the greatest unification of men in history—are occidentals and orientals; republicans, communists, monarchists; Jews, Confucians, Christians, Mohammedans; democracies and dictatorships.

All in one camp, united in a determination to resist and overthrow the evils of the "new order" with its philosophy of slavery and degradation.

* * *

What evil force can prevail against this incomparable unity? And what great men, after the good fight is won, will turn this shining unity to account?

The star of this unity is a beacon, radiant in the war-blackened skies of to-day. It is at once the hope and salvation of a world which demands the right to be free.

It would be the most devastating tragedy in the annals of mankind if this magnificent unity achieved by a common peril, were to perish after the war.

Greater than the plans for the new democratic order, greater than the free nations themselves, is the closeness which bands the nations of freedom together to-day.

With that unity still in being after the war, man can achieve his noblest triumph—the unification of the nations at peace instead of at war.

★ Spring, 1942, finds Britain not only a fortress, but as like a battlefield as it can be—with the enemy missing. Live ammunition, shell and bomb are being fired at the invisible enemy, and the Army likes it!

It's Real Shot in New Battle Drill

By JOHN CASHEL

IT'S going on at the new Battle Drill Schools in all the Commands—like the one I have visited—where the realism of the battlefield is vividly brought to the training ground.

All reasonable care is taken to avoid casualties.

The Army is going all out for the sake of our men to minimise the advantage the Germans, with their everyday experience of real fighting, have over Britain's Home Forces.

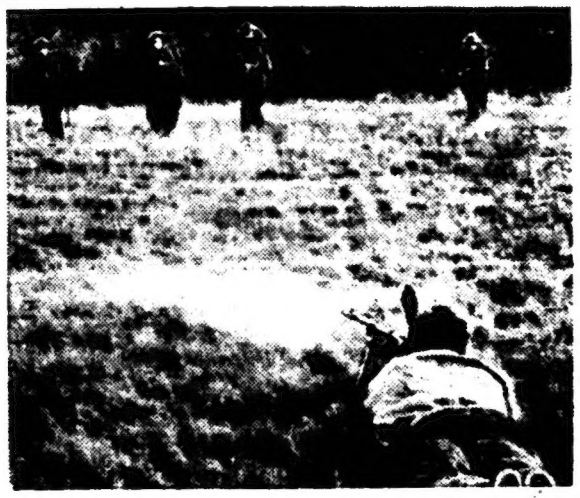
Battle training is the answer to why civilians in many parts of the country have for some time been mystified by the sounds of warfare obviously not caused by air raiders.

What is this battle training?

The man who started it is General Sir Harold Alexander, the last commander away from Dunkirk, and now G.O.C. Burma.

From his experiences in Flanders he made suggestions on which a new pamphlet was compiled.

In the Command with which he was afterwards associated I have seen young officers and N.C.O.s of the Army's mightiest arm, the infantry, being trained in methods as tough as anything known to Commandos or paratroops.



The battle-trained infantryman of this war faces bullets in manoeuvres and becomes a first-rate fighting specialist

Served with B.E.F.

This battle drill is the first stage of battle training.

Since then I have had an opportunity of discussing its tactical and broader aspects with a Senior Officer, who, having served with the old B.E.F. in Flanders, is well qualified to define the change that has come over the Army.

Let him tell you himself about these new methods that are revolutionising the training not only of relatively small and spectacular forces, but of the infantry whom all other arms support, who bear the main weight of battle and suffer the most casualties.

This is what he said to me:

★ ★ ★

Battle training which the Home Forces are now undergoing aims at putting everything "on the ground" under conditions as near as we can make them resemble the actual battlefield.

The drill itself is fundamental and psychological. It gives the man battle discipline—something to hang on to in the noise and stress of battle.

I will take as illustration the most elementary stage of it—section infiltration with fire and movement.

The new method does more than tell the man to infiltrate, leaving it to each individual platoon leader to execute the order in his own way: it lays down a basic way of *how* he should do it

Realism of Fire

He does not learn that way by theorising in the class-room. It is drilled into him. He learns and lives it on the ground with the realism of fire and movement.

On the battlefield it will come as second nature to him and his men, will hold them together as a team.

Exactly the same applies to other stages of the new drill—assault coursing, platoon street fighting, clearing woods, river crossing by folding boat, clearing isolated cover, company attack with support of field artillery and mortar.

In every case live shot is used throughout.

There is a tremendous sense of realism and offensive spirit throughout the school whenever the new training is going on. The men love it. They realise that our aim and theirs is to make the drill do the job of actual experience which the Germans are getting every day.

Every platoon leader, whether he is an officer or an N.C.O., is going through this or other battle schools. Commanding officers can't spare so much time, but we are having short courses for them as well. They must be able to do the job, or they are no good.

Training Handed On

I know what one is up against when new methods are introduced. A young subaltern or N.C.O. trainee goes back to his unit, and there is a risk that his company commander will say: "What do you want to bring in something new for? Forget it."

That is not going to happen.

Battle-drilled young officers and N.C.O.s are taking back what they've learned, and are in turn training their men.

The result is a hardening and toughening of the men which is enabling them to stand up to the severest tests.

Here is an example:

On one recent manœuvre men travelled in 'buses throughout two nights. They were tired and hungry. Their meals in the field were breakfast, a haversack ration in their pocket, a good dinner at night.

Between breakfast and dinner they were on their feet fighting hard all day on their haversack ration.

They marched twenty-five miles, forced their way across a major river by swimming or wading up to the armpits, and then fought for five or six hours.

Yet on the way home in the 'buses they were singing. They had their shoulders up. They did not consider what they had gone through was a sweat. They felt a sense of achievement.

That sense of achievement, something they get from battle training, is tremendously important, because the modern soldier knows very well whether he has achieved anything or not. He knows that everything else must take second place to fitting him to kill Germans.

He knows that spit and polish isn't everything, but that a bit of it helps him to achieve his objective.

To give a simple case. Two battalions were engaged throughout the winter on hard but essential work and under most difficult climatic conditions.

The first made small attempt to keep itself clean and tidy, its pride and morale suffering as a result. The second, doing the same work under identical conditions, kept itself spick and span, and was proud of itself when the job was done

In fairness to the men, morale must be kept up, because in battle discipline we allow no laxity.

If a sentry is posted behind cover and told to watch a gap between woods during two hours of duty, we see to it that he doesn't take his eyes off that gap throughout that time.

Somebody may walk across it, and if the sentry is ignorant of the fact he is for it.

Too Late Then!

That is battle discipline. If he is unreliable, we want to find that out now—not wait till he is on the battlefield when his comrades' lives will be in his hands.

As an infantryman he is being battle-trained to realise that he is anything but one of the "P.B.I." of the last war. In this one he is a first-rate fighting specialist.

Think of the weapons he must be able to handle. Rifle and bayonet; tommy-gun; Bren gun; anti-tank rifle; several types of grenades; mortar.

He must have initiative, as there will always come a time when he won't know what to do next. The good, old-fashioned rule, "When in doubt adopt the course that will cause the enemy most damage," won't always see him through, though it very often will.

So battle drill is helping him to know enough of what to do without his needing detailed orders on the battlefield.

Freedom Not Enough

It is not easy for the Army to train the modern soldier to use initiative. It is all very well saying that every Englishman has got free ideas and free thought, and that he will beat the Germans with these.

What training had the average, even well-educated, young man to show initiative in peace time?

Take the bank clerk. What chance has he had compared, say, with the New Zealander or the Australian living in the Bush, the South African from the veldt, or the Canadian from the prairie, of having learned by his peace time livelihood to fend for himself on the battlefield, maybe to forage for his food or starve?

What chance would he have, with all his free thoughts and ideas, if you matched him at Soccer against the Arsenal—unless he had been intensively trained for the job?

It is equally difficult to make very quickly a bit of a beast out of the Englishman who for twenty years had a peace training. Yet it is the only way to beat Hitler, and is why in battle drill there is the offensive spirit of blood and hate.

It is obviously what the soldier believes will do the job, because it is incredible, considering his upbringing, how enthusiastically he is taking to it with its sense of objectivism and realism.

As an infantryman he is as keen on it as any Commando.

He'll Get There!

I have heard this new battle training described as making "Every man a Commando." That is a catch-phrase to forget.

A Commando is nothing more or less than a tough, efficient fighting man who is determined to advance at all costs to close with the enemy. If he has no orders he will get through on his own. He will infiltrate. He will improvise. He isn't, if necessary, afraid to pinch his food or grab a bicycle in an attack. He will get there somehow.

The battle-drilled infantryman will get there just the same, and is as much a specialist as any Commando.

Equally with him, he is being trained to use the enemy's weapons, so that if he captures them in battle he can at once, if need be, turn them on his foe.

He—one of the great legion that is the backbone of the Army—is now getting the tough training he wants to help him shine as the specialist he is.

He knows that it is he who will fight on the front edge of the battle, will bear the main brunt of it—and in the end will win it!

ARE YOU SAVING ALL YOUR WASTEPAPER?

THE MIRACLE OF MALTA

One of the most glorious epics in the world conflict has been the heroic stand of little Malta. Its record as the most-blitzed spot on the Earth is never likely to be equalled; its triumphs may affect the issue of the war itself

Says A. G. GARDINER

MALTA sticks like a bone in the throat of the Axis. An irremovable bone. Impossible to destroy from the sea. Indestructible from the air. The despair of Mussolini. The despair of Hitler. The quenchless beacon of victory.

In all the thrilling episodes of this astonishing war there is none at once so miraculous, so sustained and so momentous as the defence of this tiny island—a mere spit of rock, a sixth of the size of Greater London—that juts out of the Mediterranean.

Who does not remember Mussolini's pre-war map of Malta "temporarily in the occupation of the British"?

He was going to sweep the decadent British from this stronghold with one blast of his wrath. He was going to clear us out of the Mediterranean like a mob of sheep.

WE KNOW THE MEASURE OF HIS FAILURE. HIS SHIPS DARED NOT COME OUT OF PORT. HIS BOMBERS FLED LIKE RABBITS FROM THE LIGHTNINGS OF THE FORTRESS.

Hitler's patience with his jackal became exhausted. Since Mussolini could not do the job he must do it himself.

He sent Air-Marshal Kesselring, to whom he had entrusted the bombing of Britain in 1940-41, to blot out Malta with all the available resources of the Axis air fleet.

His object was to blast the airfields of the R.A.F. and to strike such terror into the garrison and the Maltese people that resistance would collapse.

Day after day, week after week, the storm has increased in violence. No place on earth has ever sustained so prolonged, so merciless a battering.

There have been nearly 2,000 raids, and still the heroic garrison and the heroic people are unconquered and unconquerable.

Still the convoys get through with the supplies of war.

Still the R.A.F. holds the dominion of the skies, and the island fortress sends its daily toll of victims hurtling into the sea.

And at the end Air-Marshal Quade broadcasts the confession to the German people that Malta is invulnerable to attack from sea and air. "We shall find other means to eliminate it," he says.

What new infamy he darkly hints at we do not know. But we know it will be met with the same indomitable spirit.

★ ★ ★

Meanwhile, hats off to Malta. In the great words of Pitt, it has saved itself by its own exertions, and it is helping to save the world by its example.

What we owe to it needs no emphasis. Next to Britain itself it is the key position of the war. Without its sublime fortitude it is doubtful whether we could, after the desertion of France, have kept our mastery of the Mediterranean.

It is the only foothold we have in that sea from Gibraltar to Alexandria.

No matter how devastating the damage to stone and mortar may be, the spirits of the people never sag for a moment

Through its stranglehold on the jugular of Axis communications with North Africa we have been able to hold our own and more than our own in Libya.

It is a fortress planted in the solar plexus of the enemy—a look-out from which we discover his movements and anticipate his intentions.

From this centre we learn all that is going on in Sicily and are able to strike by sea or air at the most vulnerable and profitable moment.

THOUSANDS OF TONS OF MATERIAL INTENDED FOR ROMMEL ARE LYING AT THE BOTTOM OF THE MEDITERRANEAN BECAUSE OF THE ACTIVITIES OF MALTA.

Again and again our convoys get through the narrows because Malta provides an umbrella for protection and a shelter in emergency. Witness the case of the *Illustrious*.

★ ★ ★

We have only to imagine that there was no port of refuge for our warships in all the perilous two thousand miles from Gibraltar to Alexandria to realise what we owe to heroic Malta.

It is little short of a miracle that in the circumstances of to-day we can sustain our sea supremacy in the Mediterranean. Without Malta it would be an almost unthinkable marvel.

And if this has been the case since Italy came into the war and France went out nearly two years ago, how much more is it the case now?

What would be our position in the Middle East if the Mediterranean were a closed sea to us and our only contact with Libya and Syria and Persia were by the twelve-thousand-mile route by the Cape?

And this with the Japs swarming into the Indian Ocean and bombing the Indian ports.

Never was the control of the Mediterranean so vital to us as now, when the storm clouds are gathering over the Middle East.

Singapore is gone. Ceylon is under fire. Hitler and Tojo are straining every nerve to join hands from the Caucasus to the Persian Gulf.

IN THIS STARK CRISIS THE VERY ISSUE OF THE WAR ITSELF MAY HANG UPON OUR ABILITY TO REMAIN TOP-DOG AROUND THE LITTORAL OF THE EASTERN MEDITERRANEAN FROM TOBRUK TO THE SUEZ AND THE SUEZ TO SYRIA.

Our margin is perilously narrow as it is. It would be grievously imperilled if Malta fell.

That fortress stands like a pillar of fire over the central Mediterranean. Its influence is felt from Gibraltar to Alexandria.

It keeps the thoroughfare of the sea open to us and closed to the enemy.

It enables us to deal shattering blows right and left, now upon Sicily, now upon Libya.

It obstructs the Axis path to Africa and throws all Hitler's plans in the Middle East out of gear by the hold-up it inflicts on him in the Central Mediterranean.

In this respect it is our first and most important outpost in the great battlefield of the Middle East that looms ahead.

But it is more than a fortress planted in the bowels of the enemy. It is a beacon and an inspiration to the world. It blazes the path to victory by its indomitable will to conquer or die.

While India, with the enemy bombing its cities, wrangled on the brink of its political bones, the impr sends out its message of d and encouragement to its fr

Great as Malta's con military struggle is, its mor greater. Battles are won by but wars are won by th power. And it is that po embodies.

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IF THE LITTLE ISLA CANNOT BE OVERTHRO THE CHANCES AGAINS BROTHER AT THE ENTI MEDITERRANEAN?

"Never fight a fort," wa And in spite of the aeroplar holds good.

We do not know what lies behind Quade's threat of eliminating Malta. Wha fail—on one condition. Th supply of the island.

That supply is mainta hazards. But it *is* maintain that is done Malta will kee blazing in the heart of the M

Come what may, the mi live for ever as one of the history.

Sato Won't Find any Flies on Mo

OF all the sinister little Japanese whose grimaces seem so much alike, we remember best the grinning features of Kurusu, whom the Emperor sent to America to "talk peace" while he was preparing for war in the Pacific.

We may have reason to remember the face of another Japanese peace envoy on a similar mission.

He is Naotake Sato, who arrives in Russia as Japan's special envoy at a juncture of Russo-Japanese relations which reminds us of Kurusu's mission.

There is no need to warn the Russians. Better even than the Americans, they "remember Pearl Harbour."

They also know that Sato, like Kurusu, is just the man to grin and bow politely while his friends in Tokio sharpen the dagger to stab Russia in the back.

More Vigilance

Sato's record, more than Sato's words and proposals, will be sufficient to induce Russia to strengthen her position in the North Pacific rather than relax her vigilance.

It is only a month ago that this new Japanese "peace envoy" spoke fiery words in Tokio about "Allied intentions to use Russia and China as a base for attack against Japan."

There is no doubt that Sato does not feel easy about his mission.

If he cannot deceive the Russians, nor can he deceive himself about the possibility that the Russians might strike first, whatever he says or suggests.

This cunning little Japanese diplomat will need all the experience of intrigue and treachery which he has accumulated in an unusual career. And this career shows that you cannot trust Naotake Sato.

Impudent Statement

He liked to refer to himself as a "Western Liberal" when the world indicted the Japanese clique of war-mongers and sabre-rattlers.

He went to Geneva to defend the Japanese attack on Shanghai as "an act of self-defence." Roaring laughter greeted this impudent statement.

For a time he dabbled in international affairs, exploiting his self-made reputation as a Liberal; but he was soon unmasked as a dangerous emissary of the Japanese war clique which he publicly denounced.

Sato began to negotiate with Germany and Italy, and became the architect of the Axis triangle—of Japanese alliance with the Nazi-Fascist clique of Germany and Italy, which, as every child knew, was an instrument of war and conquest.

At the same time he used his influence on Japanese home affairs to establish a 100 per cent. Fascist régime in Tokio.

Strange activities for a "Western Liberal"!

But nobody really believes what Sato says.

Presently he turned his energies to a significant new sphere of activity. He "culture."

And, though said he alway when he hear one feels just Jap when he

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cities, wrangled on the brink of perdition over its political bones, the impregnable little rock sends out its message of defiance to the foe and encouragement to its friends.

Great as Malta's contribution to the military struggle is, its moral impulse is even greater. Battles are won by arms in the field, but wars are won by the superior moral power. And it is that power which Malta embodies.

Who can measure the effect on the enemy of Quade's confession that all the might of Germany breaks on that invulnerable rock?

Who can doubt that the experience at Malta is one reason for the long immunity of Gibraltar?

IF THE LITTLE ISLAND FORTRESS CANNOT BE OVERTHROWN, WHAT ARE THE CHANCES AGAINST ITS MIGHTY BROTHER AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE MEDITERRANEAN?

"Never fight a fort," was Nelson's maxim. And in spite of the aeroplane the maxim still holds good.

We do not know what sinister meaning lies behind Quade's threat of "other means" of eliminating Malta. Whatever it is, it will fail—on one condition. That is, the effective supply of the island.

That supply is maintained at enormous hazards. But it *is* maintained, and so long as that is done Malta will keep the Victory sign blazing in the heart of the Mediterranean.

Come what may, the miracle of Malta will live for ever as one of the supreme epics of history.

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Impudent Statement

He liked to refer to himself as a "Western Liberal" when the world indicted the Japanese clique of war-mongers and sabre-rattlers.

He went to Geneva to defend the Japanese attack on Shanghai as "an act of self-defence." Roaring laughter greeted this impudent statement.

For a time he dabbled in international affairs, exploiting his self-made reputation as a Liberal; but he was soon unmasked as a dangerous emissary of the Japanese war clique which he publicly denounced.

Sato began to negotiate with Germany and Italy, and became the architect of the Axis triangle—of Japanese alliance with the Nazi-Fascist clique of Germany and Italy, which, as every child knew, was an instrument of war and conquest.

At the same time he used his influence on Japanese home affairs to establish a 100 per cent. Fascist régime in Tokio.

Strange activities for a "Western Liberal"!

But nobody really believes what Sato says.

Presently he devoted his energies to a significant new sphere of activity. He became interested in "culture."

And, though it was a Nazi who said he always reaches for his gun when he hears the word "culture," one feels just as anxious to shoot a Jap when he profanes this word.

True enough, Sato's mission in the Pacific was to strengthen the cultural ties of the Asiatic people in the Pacific.

He organised cultural committees, which were, of course, simply the nucleus of the Japanese Fifth Column operating in that area.

To-day we know that Sato's cultural mission has produced an army of spies and traitors, of agents and jungle gangsters who have surpassed in cunning everything the Nazis attempted in Europe.

Tough Nut to Crack

Now Sato will try his tricks on Russia.

But the Russians are a tough nut to crack diplomatically, as well as in the field.

When Sato begins his work he will find that, Japanese peace professions or no, fishery concessions in Russian waters have already been severely curtailed.

When, as he undoubtedly will try to do, he sends out his spies towards Russia's Pacific positions, he will only discover what the Russians would be prepared to tell him at any time—that they are as prepared, as well armed, as determined to defend themselves and hit back in the Pacific as they have been and are against the Nazis.

"This is Col. Britton Speaking to You"

A COLONEL commands the biggest army in the history of war.

He is a man of mystery and few know his identity. But his voice is familiar to millions of people in Europe, to whom he gives his orders in a firm but pleasant voice.

He calls himself Colonel Britton—but that, of course, is not his real name.

Hardly anybody recognises him as he walks from his home to a broadcasting studio in London, and infinite precautions are taken to guard the secret of his identity as he faces the microphone and, speaking in a dozen different languages, gives the people of Europe his latest instructions for their fight against Germany.

Nazis Fear Him

Do not underestimate Colonel Britton!

The Germans certainly don't. They have appointed a man to reply to him every time he speaks.

They realise his importance in this war and know that he shares the secrets of the Allied High Command and that his activities are co-ordinated with the highly confidential strategy of the war.

A big staff works for Colonel Britton, though they have never seen their boss.

With their help he is busy day and night preparing his broadcasts, choosing the right words which will appeal to his vast audience, giving them the order of the day and guiding them to their strategic posts—every country of Europe, every people, every man and woman to a vital task.

After sifting the reports which his Continental officers send him regularly by secret means he is able to issue a communiqué such as this to his army and the world (and the Germans are listening and know he is speaking the truth):

"Our operations have been extremely successful. The time has come to break new ground: to start on more offensive actions!"

And the Germans are forced to strengthen their garrisons, to retain more troops as armies of occupation in Europe than they can really spare from their war fronts in Russia and Libya.

A clear-cut strategy of revolt has been worked out.

Splitting Them Up

But Colonel Britton, better than anybody, knows that, in the age of the machine-gun, when one sentry can control a crowd of hundreds, successful revolt more than ever before depends on skilled and determined leadership.

The strategy of revolt aims at splitting up the forces of the enemy, at unleashing small fires here and there, any one of which may develop into a vast insurrection, forcing the German overlords to be present on a thousand spots at the same time.

Small circles of fearless and determined men must be created.

They are in existence to-day all over Europe.

Care must be taken that traitors and quislings are unable to betray their patriotic countrymen.

That is why Colonel Britton regularly warns the common soldier in his army, the loyal people of Europe, against particularly dangerous individuals in their midst.

He knows them all, and he broadcasts their names—and often also adds his warning to the criminals:

"Are you listening?" he recently asked one of the poisonous quislings. "You should be more careful! One of these nights we shall be coming for you!"

That was before one of the Commando raids on Norway, and, sure enough, Colonel Britton's warning was no idle threat.

The British forces struck—and you'll remember the pictures of Norwegian quislings who were brought back to England blindfolded and handcuffed.

Where it is not yet possible to "fetch" the quislings and the worst Axis offenders, Colonel Britton marks them down for the attention of his men on the spot.

He drew a vivid picture of the Nazi bloodhound of Belgium, General Falkenhausen, who likes to present himself as a "kind and considerate general," but is really a raving beast who thinks nothing of signing two dozen death warrants against innocent hostages before breakfast.

Coming for Them

Or Colonel Britton recommends Globocnik, the "Terror of Lublin," for early liquidation.

"We shall come across for all of you, you quisling rats!" says Colonel Britton—and his voice quivers with fury, and his fury communicates itself to the people of Eufope.

When Britton has spoken there always follows a dark night for the Axis criminals.

He addresses himself to the workers first: *"You have the whip in your hands!"* he tells them. *"You are the real power in Europe!"*

While the Nazis are trying to degrade the workers to slaves, Colonel Britton lifts their self-confidence and tells them what they can do:

"Attack the Nazis from all sides. Put pressure on them. More pressure, and yet more pressure!"

A "Tortoise Campaign" has slowed down the production in hundreds of Nazi-controlled factories.

Obediently the workers follow the advice of their commander to disrupt the Nazi organisations.

When his voice reaches Germany he tells the Germans to *"do everything the Nazi Government tells you not to do!*

"Hoard; buy up what you can; hide your money; go slow!"

These are some of his slogans.

And the moanings, exhortations, warnings, threats and despair of the Nazi leaders, the ravings of the German Press against hoarders, slackers and pessimists are ample proof that Colonel Britton's orders have been obeyed.

The workers of Europe know him as their real friend.

It was his voice that warned French workers to stay away from Nazi factories before the R.A.F

Millions know his voice, but the secret of his identity is closely guarded

went out on their grand offensive against Axis production centres:

"The R.A.F. is coming," Colonel Britton said, *"and, though obviously I cannot tell you which factories will be the objectives, I warn you to take precautions."*

The effect of Colonel Britton's campaign has also been shown by the importance which Vichy attaches to him. They have made him the subject of diplomatic protests.

How the Nazis would rejoice if he could be gagged!

Grand Offensive

Now, as his latest communiqués indicate, the time for small action by his army, for pin-pricks and measures against individual Nazi gangsters, is over.

Colonel Britton's army is mounting a grand offensive

As the Germans are massing in the East, as they are concentrating troops against Turkey and pouring men into their Mediterranean positions, the great moment for supreme action by Colonel Britton's army draws nearer.

His previous orders have prepared them for the occasion:

"Soon it will be time for the offensive!" he said.

They know now when he speaks, and are only waiting for the signal to attack.

Colonel Britton is confident that it will be no mean offensive.

I should not be surprised if the strength and fighting spirit of his army plays a large part in the military calculations of the United Nations

It is certainly not without effect on the plans and preparations of the Nazis to meet the concerted attack of the military *élite* of the Allied armies and the millions of their allies in Europe.

When they strike, the world will count Colonel Britton among the great generals of this war!

WILLI FRISCHAUER.

DON'T GIVE UP THE PAPER CHASE!

Sir Wyndham Childs' Comments

MR. HUDSON MUST CLOSE THIS BIG FOOD GAP

WE are fining people who waste crusts.

We are sending to prison people who divert foodstuffs from normal to Black Market channels.

We must, therefore, at least do *something* about the Ministry of Agriculture.

It could insist that every effort be made to keep the cattle of Britain healthy.

It doesn't do it.

I will let the best veterinary brains of the country—those of the National Veterinary Medical Association—measure the result.

At least £20,000,000 worth of that most valuable of all human foods, milk, is being wasted *every year*, reports that Association, for lack of an official dairy-cattle health policy.

I know figures can be wearying things—but be patient enough to listen to a few.

Scandalous Losses

The disease mastitis among milch cows robs us of £3,000,000 worth of milk a year.

Contagious abortion knocks off another £2,500,000.

We lose another £7,000,000 worth of milk annually because of sterility (much of it temporary infertility due to known causes).

Johne's disease steals enough milk to bring up the total annual leakage to something more than £12,500,000 worth.

You have to add the loss of calves due to these four diseases.

Then you must add the cost of replacement in herds.

You then have a total annual loss of something like £20,000,000. All in food. And all in that best of all foods, milk.

But it doesn't end there.

We lose all the feeding-stuffs that are wasted on unproductive or insufficiently productive cattle.

We lose much of the meat we might expect if our herds were properly supervised.

And the milk we *do* manage to get is, because of lowered nutritional value due to these four diseases, robbed of 83,000 tons of the solid matter of proteins, sugar and minerals, and 31,000 tons of butter fat, every year.

Losses due to Black Market racketeers are dwarfed by such figures.

I repeat: They are not my figures. They are the figures of people better able than I to judge—the veterinary experts of this country.

Shameful Policy

Now why, in a country that attaches so much importance to every crust of bread, is such a vast leakage tolerated?

Because our national agricultural policy attaches little or no importance to the veterinary surgeon.

Generations of them have been trained in a Royal Veterinary College which, thanks to a courageous teaching staff and not a few miracles, has done great work.

Our numerous agricultural committees, councils and advisory bodies set up from time to time have either had no veterinary representatives at all, or veterinary representation on them has been totally inadequate.

Not even the Milk Marketing Board has a veterinary surgeon on its governing body.

Yet these virtual outcasts are the people who know the causes of those four diseases that are robbing us of £20,000,000 worth of food every year—and know the cures as well.

Expensive Mistake

Not long ago a Herefordshire farmer sent cows to market—cows which any "vet." in the land would have known should have never been permitted on a public highway.

We had to kill off 4,501 cattle, 2,731 sheep and 948 pigs—and deal with 97 outbreaks—as a result of that mistake.

But now, at long last, the Ministry of Agriculture has shown some recognition of the fact that there are such people as animal doctors.

It has a scheme which is by no means the one "vets." would call a permanent solution.

It isn't really official, for it is based entirely on private contracts between veterinary surgeons and farmers, with the Government providing certain facilities encouraging farmers to avail themselves of veterinary science.

It is a short-term policy. To begin, there will be visits to farms and herds. There will be schooling of farmers. There will be as much supervision as is possible under such circumstances.

It is better than nothing, but it is nothing more than a short-term trial.

The Government should nationalise the whole of the nation's veterinary service.

That service should be made available to the poorest of stock-breeders and farmers.

We should fight cattle-diseases that take such heavy toll of our war time larder as we would fight Hitler himself.

Herds would be upgraded by proper advice on breeding. Our veterinary surgeons have plenty of advice to offer of this kind.

And not only would our vets. help to prevent and cure such costly diseases as I have dealt with in this article.

Such a veterinary service as I suggest would advise on balanced rations, among other things. They would prescribe the dietary that would make all the difference to milk production.

Dr. W. S. Wooldridge, M.R.C.V.S., President of the National Veterinary Medical Association, which has battled for years for adequate recognition of veterinary services

More and Better Milk

We shall be in a better position to give the people of this country more milk next winter, and better milk at that, if our farmers are allowed to have more readily available to them the advice of the veterinary experts of this country.

We should be enlightened enough to realise that our veterinary surgeons should be something more than men who blister hunters, bestow eye-drops on cats, and attend to the ear-canker of dogs, however important that work may be.

The Art of Gentle Persuasion

THERE may be no money in it, but it is a great job—that of Street Salvage Steward.

So writes a reader who first heard of this all-important war job through the columns of JOHN BULL.

He applied to his local authority in West London, and within ten days was in charge, in his particular street, of the salvaging of material useful to the war effort.

★ ★ ★

One householder, he found, had 3 cwt. of mouldering iron in his garden.

He didn't want it, but, because it was rusty, thought it would be useless to the war effort.

"It took me one minute to dispel his belief that rust would spoil what he called a boiling of metal," writes our reader.

Another reader had 650 novels, mostly with damaged covers.

At first he argued that he couldn't part with one of them, although it transpired that he had never read most of them—and was never likely to.

"I proved to him that his room looked much better with two nice rows of his best books, and he gladly let me have the rest."

One woman invited the salvage steward to see for himself that she had nothing useful to surrender.

He soon ferreted out a useful pile which she agreed was of no use to her.

She became so enthusiastic that she was only persuaded with difficulty from surrendering useful articles of clothing from her husband's wardrobe.

★ ★ ★

Several people in the street were keeping scores of copies of old newspapers because they contained some corroboration of their private political beliefs.

They were assured that newspapers were always anxious to give access to their files in case of real need—and at once surrendered their copies.

Great work it is, as more than one Street Salvage Steward has told us.

Why not try it? A visit to the town hall or head office of your local authority (or a letter will do)—and the job is yours.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mr. A. H. Clements, Lakehurst Road, Ewell, Surrey, has been awarded this week's £1 1s. for information of a useful character.

Write to me about any subject needing inquiry or comment, marking envelopes "Public Benefactor."

"Blue Angel" Becomes Nazi Devil!

NO Brains Trust in the world could ever answer the question: "What connection is there between the film, *The Blue Angel*, and the Gestapo?"

But there is one—and it is an extraordinary story.

The woman on whom the central character of the film was based has succeeded in luring a former chairman of the German Communist Youth into the post of chief of the foreign department of Himmler's Secret Police!

His name is Fritz Schoenherr.

And his evil genius is the Berlin actress Trude Hesterberg, former wife of Heinrich Mann, famous German author, whose marriage to her was a bitter experience.

Mann was granted a divorce, and it is generally thought that his ex-wife was the central character of his novel on which was based *The Blue Angel*, which rocketted Marlene Dietrich to stardom.

Her Turn to Suffer

Meanwhile, the divorced Trude had fallen in love with the handsome Fritz Schoenherr, fifteen years her junior—and it was her turn to suffer.

Schoenherr had been appointed by trade union leaders to the post of assistant manager of the German Workers' Bank soon after his thirtieth birthday, but in 1932 he got into trouble with the courts in Stettin.

Certain financial transactions between a local co-operative building society and the Workers' Bank were made the basis of one of the many framed-up cases by which pro-Nazi judges were seeking to persecute personalities linked with the Labour movement.

Schoenherr and other local Socialists were tried and sentenced.

Schoenherr got six months' imprisonment, but was released on bail, pending an appeal.

Meanwhile, Hitler seized power and Schoenherr fled across the border, settling in a fashionable seaside resort on the Jugoslav Riviera. He left the disconsolate Trude in Germany.

From that moment the actress made frantic efforts to get him back to Berlin.

Eventually she managed to extract from Goering—how she did it is likely to remain a secret between the two of them—not only a quashing of the sentence against Schoenherr, but a formal assurance that he would not be victimised if he returned to Germany.

Safe—if Married!

Only one condition was laid down by Goering—and this almost certainly at Trude's behest—for a safe-conduct pass: Schoenherr must marry her.

Schoenherr capitulated, married Trude at the Zurich registrar's office, and returned with her to Berlin.

Little was heard of him for a time.

Then a rumour began to circulate in Prague, Paris, Zurich, London and New York among German refugees: "Fritz Schoenherr now works for the Gestapo!"

Many could not believe it.

But emigrants who left Germany in 1937 and 1938, when things became too hot for "non-Aryans," brought more evidence.

And now, latest arrivals in Lisbon from Berlin have confirmed what was only a rumour when war broke out.

Schoenherr, former leader of German Communists, is a chief of Himmler's Secret Police!

STRANGER THAN FICTION . . . By WALDO KELLAR

The King of Double-Crossers

A man called Takaroff was suspected, sentenced to death by a secret committee, and murdered with a knife

IN Russia, in 1905 or 1906, there lived a man who achieved a vast and unsavoury distinction, an undying and unwholesome fame.

His name was Evno Azeff, and he was seriously regarded as perhaps the dirtiest villain the world had ever known.

Yet it is not his wickedness that brings him into the category of things and people stranger than fiction. It is his impudence. The world is vast. Let's say that Azeff was the greatest rogue in Russia, in his time.

For the past sixty or seventy years the ruling classes under the Tsar had gone in fear of acts of revenge from terrorists—killers with a social grievance. One of the Tsars had already gone out to a sudden and horrible death at the hands of a dynamiter.

The last of the Tsars was afraid, and so were his counsellors.

The Secret Police of Russia became a power: it was a kind of insurance policy against the assassins. Police spies were everywhere. Hardly a word of a political nature went unreported.

Yet secret organisations against Tsarist society went deeper and deeper. Persecution begets profounder secrecy. Acts of terror were perpetrated. Bombs exploded. Fiercely revolutionary literature came out of secret printing presses.

The detectives were helpless. It was so difficult to make arrests . . . and the political heads of the Government were becoming savagely impatient.

So there arose the vile cult of the *agent-provocateur*: the professional trouble-maker.

The *provocateur's* racket was horribly simple. He had to incite revolutionaries to acts of violence, in order that the police might arrest them. Thus, the police were praised for their vigilance.

A crazy and unclean system. And it reached its climax with the extraordinary double-barrelled betrayer, Evno Azeff.

He was the demigod of the Social Revolutionary Party; leader of their Militant Organisation. He was a grossly ugly fat, dark man with shaved head, huge moustaches, and queer thin legs like broomsticks. He snuffled and grunted; growled and snarled.

Yet the earnest young men of the Militant Organisation, the function of which was to achieve reform by political murder, worshipped Azeff and obeyed him implicitly.

He seemed to have a genius for daring and successful organisation. It was said that whoever Azeff decided to kill was as good as buried.

He worked from Geneva. He was officially wanted by the Secret Police. Yet, with a courage that appeared to be superhuman, he would come to Russia from time to time, to make contact with members of the Militant Organisation.

When the notoriously brutal Von Plehve became Minister of the Interior in Russia, the Social Revolutionaries decided to kill him.

Azeff organised the murder.

The Social Revolutionaries became terrible. Azeff became a legendary figure—a ponderous and ferocious figure of Doom.

The Party became powerful, under cover. Yet many of its members continued to fall into the hands of the Secret Police.

It was strange; the detectives seemed to have some uncanny knack of knowing in advance what Azeff's young men and women were going to do. It was suggested that there was a traitor among the Social Revolutionaries. A man called Takaroff was suspected, sentenced to death by a Secret Committee, and murdered with a knife. Yet the arrests continued to be made.

THE murder of a Grand Duke was organised by Azeff and successfully carried out.

Azeff, within the Social Revolutionary Party, came to be regarded as infallible. What if most of the members who had helped him to kill the Grand Duke had been arrested and sentenced? Azeff remained out of reach of the police . . . a man who seemed to have the luck of all the devils.

"Thank God we have our Master Killer, Evno Azeff"—this was the general sentiment in the Party.

Some of them wondered just how this huge, conspicuous man managed to move in and out of Russia unmolested by the police.

One of them, a man named Burtseff, afterwards known as "The Sherlock Holmes of the Revolution," began to investigate. Something in his mind told him that there was a secret, a dirty secret, to be uncovered.

He went to work. He followed Azeff's trail for a year. Then he hit on evidence through a man employed in the Police Department.

BURTSEFF confronted the Social Revolutionary Party with an astounding revelation.

"Azeff, our Leader, our Killer-in-Chief, is nothing more nor less than a police spy—a *provocateur*!"

Out of an indignant uproar, a voice replied: "That is impossible. Didn't Azeff organise the killing of Von Plehve? Of the Grand Duke? The attempt on the life of Dubasov? Azeff is the most devoted man we have ever had."

Burtseff said: "Yet the fact is that Azeff is in the pay of General Gerasimoff, of the Secret Police. He has been drawing something like a ministerial salary for betraying us for years!

"He arranged the murders of Von Plehve and of the Grand Duke for motives of his own—the following motives: after the killings, large sums of money came into the Militant Organisation from sympathisers. Azeff had full control of expenditures in connection with the Militant Organisation. He has been converting huge sums to his own use.

"Furthermore, Azeff organised these killings with the full knowledge of General Gerasimoff! We have all been fools in the hands of Azeff. These men were killed in order that the police, under Gerasimoff, could arrest our comrades who killed them! This gave increased prestige to Gerasimoff and the detectives.

"It amounts to this: our friends have been dying, on the gallows and in Siberia, dying in scores, in order to put money into the pockets of Evno Azeff. Upon the price of our blood Azeff has for years been living like a millionaire. I demand the death of Azeff as a dirty traitor!"

Azeff was brought to trial, secret trial, by the Social Revolutionaries.

For a day and a night the hideous evidence piled up against the man. At last, he was told to go home and await the decision of the Committee.

Azeff went back to his flat. Two of the most reliable killers of the Militant Organisation watched his door.

The Committee sentenced him to death.

Then Azeff played his last great joke on his comrades.

The watching gunmen saw his door open. A grotesque figure came out. It was the figure of a huge fat man, dressed in a woman's silk dress and a sunbonnet. Under the ribbons of the bonnet his immense moustache bristled over a big cigar.

It was Azeff. He had often told them the value of the surprise in tactics. Now he was giving them a practical demonstration.

He strolled past them, profited by their brief, astonished pause to roar "Taxi!" He leapt into the taxi and was driven away. He had escaped—by sheer, naked, brutal impudence.

AZEFF hurried to Gerasimoff. He collected his last packet of blood-money and a couple of false passports. With the Militant Organisation hot on his heels he went to Germany—taking with him a dancer named La Belle Hedie, ex-mistress of a Grand Duke.

In Berlin he went on the Stock Exchange; made a fortune; was ruined by the war of 1914-1918; set La Belle Hedie up in a corset business; lived comfortably until that also collapsed; approached the Berlin Police and got a job as a spy on his fellow countrymen in Germany; wore diamonds; got fatter.

The Militant Organisation tracked him. He laughed at them, and said to their representative: "You can't kill me! It takes an Azeff to organise your killings!"

And they never did kill him.

He died a natural death in 1919, having smashed a Political Party and a police system, betrayed everybody who ever trusted him, sold all his friends for hard cash—and got away with everything.

WHAT ABOUT THIS INCOME TAX?

NOW that the fiscal year 1941-42 has come to a close, income tax payers should consider whether they have had all the reliefs to which they are entitled.

Thus, if you have recently married or a child has been born, you are entitled to the appropriate allowance for 1941-42. As the liability will have been calculated on the basis of the information given in the return form which you filled up last year, the Inspector of Taxes cannot give you the additional relief unless you claim it.

If you are buying your own house, and are paying interest to a building society or to a bank for which relief has not already been given in your assessment, you can now claim this.

Claims can also be made where properties owned have been empty for the whole or part of the year or where rents have been reduced.

In cases of doubt or difficulty, our Income Tax Expert is at your service.

— Human Machine —

KEEP THIS!

Cut this out and keep it.

And don't just cut it out and then forget it. Keep it handy. Look at it every now and again.

These remarks have been written and said by all sorts of men who knew what they were talking about, men who had a right to speak.

When you feel the need of a mental tonic, read them again. They'll do you good:

"Every well-thought-out job is simple."

"It is doing anything in less than the best way that matters. If we do that which is before us to do in the best way we know, we do not have to worry much about anything else. The future, in that case, has a way of taking care of itself."

"When a man is master of his own sphere, whatever it may be, he has entered the realm of wisdom."

"A man who cannot think is not an educated man, however many college degrees he may have acquired."

"'Give us more brains, Lord!' ejaculated a great writer. I think he would have been wiser if he had asked first for the power to keep in order such brains as we have."

"If you frown at a neck-tie, if you use language to a neck-tie which no gentleman should use to a neck-tie, what will you be capable of to a human being?"

"Fear is the result of the body assuming ascendancy over the mind."

"What is wrong in the world is a reflection of what is wrong in ourselves. The world's mistakes are our own mistakes, systematised and extended."

VOICE OF THE TROOPS

★ If you have a letter with a good adventure story, we may use it at greater length, with payment at higher rates. 10s. 6d. for all other letters published. Service letters are returned. Address: "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

LAST week a letter reached a London family.

It was from a German prison camp.

It had passed the German censor.

We won't tell you the name of the family that received it. We won't tell you the name of the writer.

JOHN BULL *reaches Germany, and it is easy for a prison commandant to revenge himself on a helpless prisoner.*

Sufficient to say that all details in this office are at the disposal of the authorities.

Here is the letter, on which we need not pass one word of comment:

This letter is not for mam, for obvious reasons. Just tell her I wrote. I want to wish you a Happy New Year—a bit late, but better late than never.

I am now working in the pits. What a life! It is work to bed, and bed to work.

If you don't do your work, or if you try to go sick, you get half rations, or else knocked about and kicked until you can't stand.

One of the lads was shot for smoking on parade

I hope to God I get a chance to get my own back. There are millions like me. God help Germany after this war.

I haven't had a letter for two months. (*Letters have been sent regularly.—Editor.*) I had an accident at work. (*Here the writer describes a painful injury about which we will give no details, as it might help identification.*) I thought by the pain that I was finished.

Just tell mam I wrote. Lots of love. Be seeing you soon.

A BETTER 'OLE

Are we keeping a list of cruel Camp Commandants for after the war? They're not all of one type.

Private S. W. Howes (19,752) *writes from Stalag XXB to his family at Glebe Crescent, Rugby:*

We can save from our Red Cross parcels for special events. For instance, we had breakfast of sausage, bacon, beans and fried bread. Then I finished a book. After a good dinner we went out to enjoy a snowball fight like happy children. And, after a good tea, a two hours' concert. Thanks a lot to the Red Cross!

WHAT A PUB!

This bright little letter from Private W. E. Bulmer, R.A.S.C., addressed to his aunt, Mrs. Armitage, at St. John's Avenue, Kirkheaton, Huddersfield, was followed by the news that he was a prisoner of war in the hands of the Germans:

Found a real pub. Pint of beer, chilled ice-cold, for 8½d. And with each pint you get a plate packed with potato crisps, half a boiled egg, tomatoes, cucumber, a slice of beef, a quarter of a crab, and four prawns. And all the bread you want to eat with it.

Have visited the Pyramids and the Sphinx, about which I will tell you in my next letter.

SAILOR ASHORE

Saved from the sea when H.M.S. Kashmir went down, Victor Tunnell, sailor son of Mrs. F. M. Tunnell, North Trade Road, Battle, Sussex, writes from a land station in the Mediterranean:

Davy Jones must have made a haul when our ship went down. He will be able to wear silk stockings or sea-boots at choice—and my best suit and overcoat sometimes.

He has gifts enough to woo some bewitching princess of the Southern Seas.

How I long to feel the rolling sea under me again! Cut off from everybody, a sailor on dry land, I dream of orchards and hop gardens.

OFF THE TILES!

A boy wrote home to his sister the other day to tell her he had joined the Paratroops.

The sister, Mrs. F. E. Talbot, of 428, Turnhurst Road, Packmoor, Stoke-on-Trent, sends the letter to us.

And she tells us proudly about the writer: "Frank had endless trouble. His dear wife died, leaving him with a baby of two. He had ill-health. He suffered from unemployment. But he never lost his sense of humour. He joined the Army as a volunteer, and, as a volunteer, undertakes his new duties."

So here are a few lines from Frank's letter:

They are going to give me leave soon, so get my old umbrella down. I shall do a practice jump off the tiles.

BOMBED ALLIES

What happened when an obviously scared German airman came over to bomb our troops in Libya is described by Driver F. Price, R.A.S.C., in a letter to his wife, Cumberland Street, Darlington:

I was acting as escort to some Italian prisoners—fellows who seem to like us and are very anxious to see the war over, but who are lazy devils, nevertheless.

Jerry, who is very fond of this place and keeps dropping in on us, came over as we were all getting down to dinner.

All he did was to kill off a lot of our Italian prisoners.

To the Rescue:

Nothing is impossible to the men of the Merchant Service. The greater the hazards they are called upon to face, the finer their efforts. Here is another epic story that typifies their matchless courage and resource.

By COMMODORE PURSSEY PHILLIPS

IT used to be the local Palais de Danse, this big echoing hall round which dusty ersatz palm-trees still stand. But it is full of benches now, like church pews, and on the benches sit hard-faced men in shore-going blue suits.

Convoy Skippers—every man of them with a history that would make the story of Sinbad the Sailor seem like a voyage across the Round Pond at Kensington.

Convoy skippers in conference. Before they sail they decide what course of action to follow in any and every eventuality

Presently, the Skippers stroll out in twos and threes, foreheads wrinkling over details of balloon heights at night, code names, how to recognise British patrol aircraft, what to do if "B.F." is signalled on the sirens, and a thousand other things on which life and death may turn.

It is bad weather on the day the convoy sets sail. But these convoys run like clockwork, come Hell, hail or Hitler.

Bad Stretch

There is always one bad stretch in the 5,000-mile voyage. For here, within easy bomber range of the Continent, our ships must pass through a narrow and tortuous channel between minefields. The *Luftwaffe* knows the fact as well as we do, though they don't know the way of the passage.

But there is always an air attack here—and here it comes: three Stukas, black and stumpy, racing through the clouds, and first one and then another "going down the chute" to bomb.

One ship is hit—and afire! —

As the smoke pours from her, another bomb comes down, almost cutting her in half.

The convoy goes remorselessly on. Orders are explicit; the rest must be saved; the hurt ship must take its chance.

But not alone! A dogged little trawler drops out of the convoy and comes back under a wind-blown pall of smoke. As the victorious Stukas make a last dive to finish off their victim, the trawler's guns spatter skywards.

One bomber staggers—rights—and then abruptly turns nose-down straight into the sea, on which it explodes with a sudden shattering roar, blowing itself and its crew to rags and splotches.

A black pall is spreading over the sea, under which the stricken merchantman lies heeling to port. She carries a dangerous cargo, much of it explosive.

The sharp order is given to abandon ship.

Some men still fight the fire, while others lower away the boats—or what are left of them, for those on the port side are matchwood, and the blazing and crackling fire is already running its hot tongues over the remnants.

Something will have to be done to help those men, grimed and blackened, serving the hoses up there on deck, before the flames reach that perilous cargo. The tramp skipper stands on his bridge giving orders as calmly as if he were warping into dock one peace time afternoon.

Yet, up there, the heat must be blistering already.

The escort trawler edges in nearer and nearer, and a boat drops away from its side. Then another.

In the first boat, in the bows, is a big, fair-headed seaman, Albert Howarth. He pulls like a Goliath, and they send the little boat swinging across the big North Sea rollers.

Down the lines stringing over the side of the doomed and blazing ship, men come sliding.

Then—Disaster!

Howarth's boat is almost under the counter of the burning hulk when what everyone knew must happen suddenly takes place.

There is a noise like the shouting of giants, and the vessel seems to disintegrate and sail skywards before their very eyes. A vast uprush of flame is speckled by enormous flying sections of the steel hull, the decks, the cargo.

The little boat caves in and vanishes beneath the waves, hurling her crew into the sea, among the swimmers they had risked their lives to rescue.

Many are killed by the blast.

Albert Howarth finds himself swimming, half blinded with the flash, one leg frightfully numb and heavy.

It is very cold—icy cold, especially in

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

MAN-POWER? Why, Bournemouth Corporation can employ three men (in relays) seven days a week collecting pennies on the toll-bridge to Christchurch. Fourpence return if you use a bicycle for your war work. And the paper used on tickets!—E. P., Athelstan Road, Southbourne, Bournemouth.

* * *

"Spit and polish" can be carried to extremes, of course, but it has its uses. The man with any tendency to slovenliness will have a dirty rifle. And a dirty rifle soon becomes a useless weapon.—O. S., Hill Road, Portchester, Hants.

* * *

A country that has such troops as our Commandos should disdain to have stay-at-home, slippers-by-the-fire, turn-on-the-radio soldiers, of which we have so many.—L. W. M., Watermoor Road, Cirencester, Glos.

* * *

My gas escapes, even when all taps are off. Local council says only solution is to buy, not hire, a new stove at about £15. I read the appeals to save gas and would gladly co-operate, if only to save a fatality.—Mrs. Raymond, Bury Old Road, Besses o' the Barn, Manchester.

* * *

Market gardeners supplying thousands of families with garden produce lose their men to the Army. "The people at the big house" often have no difficulty in keeping their luxury gardeners. They mustn't lose staff. They mustn't have people billeted on them. War mustn't touch *them*.—H. S., Ware, Herts.

* * *

As secretary of a fairly large savings group I have great difficulty in convincing my members that our organisation does not help the Government as a slate club. Too many men want to buy stamps on Friday and cash them on Monday.—J. Stainton, Gladesmore Road, N.15.

with One Foot!

that hurt leg. That leg seems to give no help in swimming.

A splash to starboard?

Yes—there it is again.

Howarth turns that way, and sees a despairing white face vanish under the water.

"Hold up, shipmate? I've got ye!" he yells, sputtering out salt water from a breaking wave.

At that instant he feels something terribly heavy grab him beneath the water and drag him down. As he kicks out, his numb leg gives an intense, agonising lance of red-hot pain.

Half fainting, Howarth's head comes up into the air again, and beside him the drowned white face appears once more.

He reaches out and grabs the other swimmer, and is instantly clutched in a deathlike embrace that threatens to take them both down.

Only one thing to do—a hard fist drives into the other man's temple, and the grip relaxes.

Not So Easy!

Howarth grabs him, rolls him on his back, and gets a hand under his shoulders, holding him up.

Not too easy, in icy water running mountains high, and with that stunned feeling in the leg.

Howarth, a fine swimmer, could have managed better if it had not been for that awful numbness in his leg.

"Must have bashed it, I guess," he muttered. He could not spare a hand to feel down and see what was wrong.

He held up the other man, who fainted now and then, and came to again.

Howarth stuck grimly to his task. He knew that he could have conserved his own strength and remained floating much longer if he had not been burdened with supporting someone else.

Without any idea of heroics, he calmly abandoned the extra chance of life that a longer time floating would have meant. He was not the sort to leave a hurt man to sink or swim.

They heard the splash of oars and saw a boat coming.

Howarth raised a shout—hardly more than a hoarse whisper. And then even his iron endurance collapsed, and he, too, fainted.

That Won't Stop Him

When he came to he was lying in blankets aboard the trawler again. The man he had rescued, still very white and shaken, was sitting silently beside him.

"Don't get up!" he said abruptly, seeing Howarth move. "Keep where you are a bit."

"What—me!" Howarth grinned. "I'm all right—well, if it wasn't for this damn leg o' mine. I must have stopped a bit of that ship on it."

"Yes," the other said. "Yes . . you did. Your left foot's blown off. By God, I'm sorry . . ."

"Well," Howarth said presently, "they make fine tin ones, like that airman, Bader, wears. They say he can dance and play football . . . and he's got two whole tin legs. I'll do. *That* won't keep me from the sea!"

And if there were ten million Hitlers they couldn't keep men like that from the sea!

SWAFFER'S BRAIN TRUST

WHY NOT A UNITED NATIONS BULLETIN?

● I receive from various governments the *Soviet War News*, bulletins from the Free French, the *Voice of the Netherlands* — yes, war publications containing both news and propaganda issued by all the Allies in London.

If this sort of thing is to be allowed, I am afraid there must be a separate one for each nation. They are intended, not for the public, but for specialised readers—M.P.s, editors, university lecturers, and people of that sort. They print various points of view.

Then each is circulated among the particular nationality concerned, exiles in Britain, who would have no interest in articles about someone else's country.

If too much paper is wasted on these publications—and the trouble is that once these things are allowed each becomes, in itself, a small vested interest, with a staff that doesn't want the sack—they should print only opinion.

Nearly all the news has been printed in ordinary papers, days before. If not, it has been kept specially for these publications.

HOW DOES ART STAND IN WAR?

● Painting seems to be the only art which has maintained a high standard during the war.

I know of no piece of music of more than ordinary merit, no really outstanding book, no play, no verse of poetry.

Even the war-books have been second, or third, rate.

Yet the war pictures have surpassed the level of 1914-1918.

The reason seems to be that a painter need not take a great theme, but that he can symbolise in a recorded incident a great drama which he leaves unpainted.

A sample is the picture, bought for the nation, in which Paul Nash makes wrecked 'planes brought down in the Battle of Britain look like a sea.

Other outstanding war pictures are the paintings of bombed buildings by Graham Sutherland and John Piper.

SHOULD EVERYTHING BE RATIONED?

● Frankly, I find it hard to depart from my oft-repeated statement that the only way out of the inequalities of the war is the full use of the all-in powers obtained by the Government, and cheered by the entire nation, on May 22, 1940.

I cannot see, for instance, the good of rationing luxuries. If people are allowed to have money to spend, they will choose their own way of spending it.

SHOULD WE PLAN WHITSUN NOW?

● Yes, because we mucked up Easter.

Growers worked to send fresh vegetables to market. Railways worked on Good Friday to transport these perishable foodstuffs to London. But some London vegetable markets closed down over Easter.

Now the Ministry of Food is "investigating."

There is always a new bottleneck—and seemingly it is discovered too late.

Unless the Government issues its orders about Whitsun now, and they are discussed in time, there will be some muck-up or other when the time comes.

But they must be criticised first. No Ministry can be expected to get it right, every time, without arguments from the trade or industry concerned.

A gipsy told my mother that I should never see my twenty-first birthday!

CURSES CANNOT KILL

Says HUMANIST

FIRST of all I want to express my thanks to nearly three hundred readers, whose ages range from forty to eighty or more, for their letters about the palmists. All these people have short life-lines—in some cases barely half an inch—and all had been told they would die young.

The following letter is typical of scores of others:

When I was about sixteen (*a man writes*) a gipsy told my mother that I should never see my twenty-first birthday.

At the age of nineteen I went along with several other boys and girls to visit a wonderful palmist at the seaside. She told me my life-line was short and that I should be lucky to reach the age of twenty-five. This alarmed me for a few minutes, but when I thought it over I decided it was ridiculous.

At the age of thirty, out of curiosity, I went to the same palmist and was told that I might see thirty-five—with luck!

Well, I shall be seventy next birthday, and am still going strong.

I am glad you have written about it, because there must be a great many young people who have been told similar things and are haunted by fears of an early grave.

By the way, I had letters from several of these "fortune-tellers," and one of them informed me that there are exceptions to every rule. Certainly. But if there are hundreds of exceptions, the "rule" is nonsense.

HERE is a letter from another man:

On returning home one day (*he writes*) I found two gipsy women in my shop, and they were trying to persuade my wife to give them money for a quantity of lino which she hadn't even seen. I told them what I thought about them and ordered them out.

As they were leaving, one of them turned round and said: "May bad luck be your lot!"

I did not pay much attention at the time, as I am not superstitious by nature, but what has happened since makes me begin to wonder whether the woman *did* cast an evil spell over me.

My business failed; my mother was taken to a mental hospital; my daughter lost her husband; another daughter had an accident at work; my wife was seriously ill; and my son-in-law started a business which was a complete failure. I myself am more or less an invalid owing to bronchitis.

Of course, these things may be coincidences, but I should be glad to have your opinion.

I advise the man to stop thinking about a few words uttered in a moment of bad temper. How could they cause any of the misfortunes that befell the family afterwards?

Let a man in the bankruptcy court explain that his failure is due to a gipsy's curse and see what sort of reception his explanation gets!

There are reasons for every misfortune, whether we discover them or not, but there is not a jot of evidence that an evil eye or an evil spell can hurt a fly.

NOW for a totally different sort of problem. It comes from a man:

A fellow I work with (*he explains*) is so pessimistic in his outlook that, like the old lady who was only happy when she was in trouble and could cry about it, he is happy only when he is depressed. His thoughts about the war are altogether black.

The trouble is that he forces his opinions on others. He creates anxiety, for example, in the minds of wives and mothers whose menfolk are fighting overseas.

Can you suggest some way to cure this super-pessimist before he gets into serious trouble?

When people are gloomy by nature one cannot help wondering whether there is some physical cause for their depression—a bad liver, for example, or chronic dyspepsia. They might be advised to go into hospital for observation.

I am reminded of a woman in a novel by Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, who, whenever her husband began to have doubts about his religion, always gave him a dose of bicarbonate!

I think, too, that when a man is depressed about the war he is probably inclined to exaggerate misfortunes and to minimise successes.

When a few more years have passed and we can see the events of the war in their true perspective, some of the "disasters" will look rather insignificant, and some of the successes which we hardly notice will appear all-important.

SABOTEURS

EVERYONE who talks disaster, yet does nothing to dispel all the things they say are happening, are simply opening gates to Hell. They are forging unseen weapons which, to Hitler, Time will hand, while they're talking, talking, talking and losing chances where they stand.

EVERY time folk pit their gloomy outlook against action clear they are handing out to Hitler lives of people they hold dear. Criticism is a privilege—but also it is a Curse, and when it means just idle carping it's spending from an empty purse!

SO everyone who feels like saying what they'd do if they had power are frittering all those useful moments that would build up Victory's Hour. Though Life's full of countless blunders, the greatest blunder man can make is to keep turning over past wrongs with CONDEMNATION'S RAKE.

J. M.

GUINEAS FOR READERS

Every week HUMANIST tackles a postbag of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name).

THE TWO MAGIC TABLETS

WITH THE POWER TO

END PAIN QUICKLY!

The 4 powerful ingredients in Phensic melt pain away—safely and swiftly. Phensic possesses what doctors call *synergistic power*. That is, the effectiveness of each ingredient is *tremendously* increased because it is combined with the other 3. Absolutely safe for weak hearts. **Get some now!**

3½d. 1/4 and 3/3 *(Inc. Purchase Tax).*

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THE POWERFUL SAFE PAINKILLER

Healthy dogs make good companions

Despite wartime handicaps, your dog will always be healthy and happy if you give him his regular Bob Martin's. Just 'one a day' will keep him always fit, friendly, companionable.

BOB MARTIN'S
CONDITION POWDERS
keep dogs fit

In packets: 9 powders 7d., 21 for 1/ 1½d. From all chemists, seedsmen, etc.

THE LAST LAUGH

M. H. (Aldershot).—"Our drill sergeant was quite recently a vocalist in a dance band." We should like to hear him crooning to an awkward squad on the barrack square.

L. D. (Northwood).—"Many a man marries a girl for her looks." But not the looks he gets when he comes in from the vegetable patch with a lot of it on his boots.

C. V. (Rugby).—"Goering in the course of a recent speech declared that hoarding was prevalent in Germany and that figures proved it." His own included.

P. I. (Camden Town).—"I saw several Hyde Park sparrows hovering in the air a few feet above the ground. Can you explain this?" Sheer force of habit. They were sitting on the imaginary railings.

VEGETARIAN (Harrogate). — "I must confess that I am sometimes tempted by a sausage." As regards the present day sausage we see no reason why you should not give way to temptation without losing your status.

PRIVATE (East Coast).—"When last I saw him he was on the hills giving a turn in which he made clouds of flame and smoke come from his mouth." What is he now? Your sergeant-major?

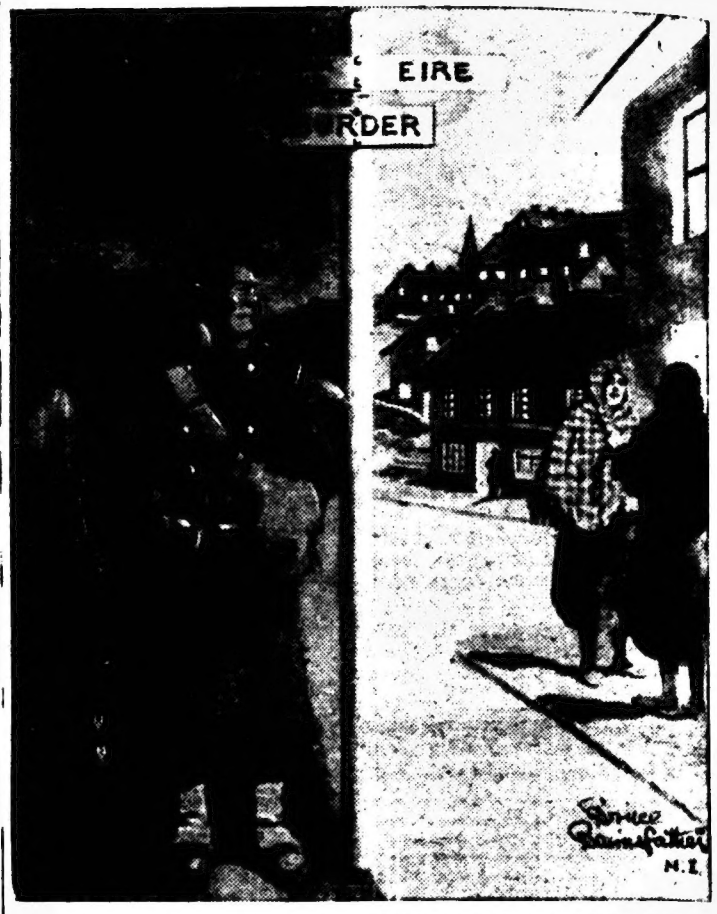
B. G. (Hatfield).—"The armour of a knight of old lasted him a lifetime and he didn't have to worry about clothing coupons." Or moths.

E. K. (East Grinstead).—"Hollywood, I read, faces the prospect of rationing with equanimity." In fact, one star has announced that she will make last year's husband do for the duration.

T. A. (Eastchurch). — "In America there is a school which teaches angling by post." After a comprehensive correspondence course, the pupil drops a line direct to the fish.

L. K. (Isleworth). — "Some married men are always eyeing pretty women in the street, but I never do this." See letter below.

MRS. K. (Isleworth).—"My husband used to be such a gay bird, but he is now so short-sighted that he never ventures out of the house." See letter above.



BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER VISITS THE AMERICANS IN NORTHERN IRELAND

"You never realise just how free the Irish Free State is, till you're standing near the edge of it during the blackout!"

Side-Slips

BRISTOL EVENING POST:—"Supt. —— told the court: 'This man was born a fool and still is a FOOD.'"

THE NEWMARKET JOURNAL:—"... who had, about a month previously, been appointed as HEADWASTER of —— Mixed National School ..."

DAILY TELEGRAPH AND MORNING POST:—"Fresh enemy attempts to cross the river have been smashed by our troops, who have sunk a number of the invaders' boots and inflicted heavy casualties."

EVENING TELEGRAPH AND POST (DUNDEE):—"What he did for the Church was all so humbly and OSTENTATIOUSLY rendered. He was not one who loved the limelight."

This 'girl-in-every-port' stuff may not be strictly accurate, but when the ship comes in and 'Leave' is piped, there's such a running of baths and brushing of hair, you can bet there's a pretty powerful attraction ashore. '... and who's swiped my KOLYNOS?' shouts Number One. 'How do you think I can keep my teeth ship-shape...?'

FAMILY HEALTH comes first...

for household & family use

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THE GREATEST OF THESE

● Life is a constant worry to William Morrison, who fought in France from 1914-18. He was in hospital from 1918 to 1920, then worked for a while, only to break down again and enter a sanatorium from 1936-37.

Since then he has been confined to bed more often than not. He suffers from a complication of diseases of heart, lungs neurasthenia and chronic nervous disorders and swelling of legs and ankles. With four children under fourteen, his harassed wife bravely copes with the almost impossible task of keeping the family and a sick husband on 32s. a week. Extremely good references are in our hands regarding this applicant's character, both from the minister of his parish and the Justice of Peace for the county.

Do please help William Morrison and his family in their terrible struggle. Donations earmarked "Collapsed," or for our General Fund, should be posted to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, and we are equally grateful to those who send donations anonymously. Lists of the current week's subscriptions will be sent on application.

There are no deductions for administration expenses, all donations being devoted to the Fund.

**Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."*

Result of "BULLETS" 1,317

FIRST PRIZE £50

E. Langtry, 178, Bath Road, Bridgwater, Som.
Example: PUT AN END TO
Bullet: "PLEASE, EVERYBODY" — PLACE EVERYBODY!

£20: B. C. Anderson, 6, Gurney Rd., Northolt, Middx.
Example: Stands Alone
Bullet: British Press—Leave Alone!

£10: T. Holston, 92, Moreton St., Chadsmoor, Cannock, Staffs.
Example: Unless We Fight
Bullet: Like Hell, *Life* Mail.

£5: O. D. House, "Tresco," Tyning Road, Saltford, nr. Bristol.
Depends On Action—Not Speeches, "Last Word."

£4: G. Vincent, 135, Bracebridge Street, Nuneaton, Warwicks.
Wifey's Spring-cleaning, So—I'm "Deserter"—Or "Casualty"!

£3: R. M. Fleming, 177, Corporation St., Stafford.
Hearer And Hearer—To Gandhi's "Unity Bell"!

£2: J. R. Garner, 258, Durants Rd., Ponders End, Middx.
Easy To Understand—Reasoner's "Code" Rolling Hard.

30s.: G. Sharmonde, 94, Mote Road, Maidstone
Put An End To—"Crooking" — Remember "Preggies" Fate!

30s.: R. F. Sims, 55, Tynemouth Rd., S. Tottenham, N.15.
Hearer And Hearer—Jaga—Come "Closer," India!

24s.: N. J. Pinlock, 86, Hartley Down, Purley, Surrey.
Wifey's Spring-cleaning, So—I'm "Treated With Vinegar."

22s.: Cpl. D. Mackey, 23, Cambridge Street, Wolverton, Bucks.
Easy To Understand—"Tails Up," Britannia's Side.

20s.: L./Cpl. H. Beckett, 19, Cobourg St., Plymouth.
Unless We Step—"Exploring Avenues," Missing "Road."

A list of 20 Winners of 10s. and 50 Winners of 2s. 6d. can be seen at these offices. The 1,000 Merit Awards have also been posted.

6 BIG CHEQUES

WON IN XWORD No. 269

WINNING WORDS: 1. Motor. 2. Diet. 3. Mat. 4. Chair. 5. Kindly. 6. Pastor. 7. Grocer. 8. Chin. 9. Rim. 10. Health. 11. Caddy. 12. Boot. 13. Dig. 14. Footed.

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£25 CASH shared between 51 Runners-up.

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SEE WHAT A PILOT WEARS

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POST FORM NOW!

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For a quick, safe remedy there is nothing like 'California Syrup of Figs' to cleanse the system and purify the blood. Give a dose at bedtime. In the morning the bowels will act; gently yet thoroughly removing the poisonous waste. Continue 'California Syrup of Figs' for a few nights and the skin will be clear, fresh, glowing with a beautiful healthy colour. Better still, you will see a wonderful improvement in the child's health. Doctors and nurses recommend this liquid laxative. Be sure you get 'California Syrup of Figs' brand. Obtainable everywhere.

KEEP YOUR FALSE TEETH IN PLACE

Try this new better way

Over 6,000 dentists say that the *best* thing they have found in all their professional experience for holding a dental plate (upper or lower) firmly in place is 'Dentsetive.' It comes in a tube. *One application lasts all day.* Quickly applied—no taste. Marvellous results. Holds longer. Holds firmer. Prevents food getting under plates. It's almost like having your natural teeth back again. 7½d. and 1/3 at chemists.

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Lixen Elixir is the palatable liquid in bottles, 1/2, 2/-, 3/6. Lixen Lozenges, fruit flavoured, 1/2. Plus Purchase Tax.

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X-WORD FIRST DOUBLED THIS WEEK ONLY

PRIZES Value £250 for 14 LETTERS

First Prize doubled to £200—Runners-up divide Special Awards value £50. Result of Xword No. 269 on page 14.

CLUES Answer every clue by entering letter in 'entry' column.	3½ Entry-fee for 1 Col.	3½	3½	3½
1 A MARSH TYRANT MAY WELL DO THIS IN HIS OLD AGE	R E ENT			
2 HELPS TO MAKE A FILM POPULAR	F N			
3 ENEMY'S TRICKS WILL QUICKLY BE THIS BY BRAINY GENERAL	A D P T E D			
4 HOARSE, ROUGH VOICE MAY WELL BE THIS	C O A K			
5 IS OCCASIONALLY USED WITH DRAMATIC EFFORT ON STAGE	O N G			
6 GREEDY LITTLE RASCAL WANTS BIGGEST ONE	S A C K			
7 CURRANT ONE SOMETIMES HAS ONLY A FEW IN IT	B N			
8 THERE ARE PLACES WHERE ONLY A BRAVE MAN WOULD GO FOR ONE	R A B L E			
9 ARE COMMONLY RESPONSIBLE FOR AN ABSOLUTE RIOT	A N S			
10 PERFUME OFTEN COMES FROM	A T A R			
11 DOING THIS SYSTEMATICALLY SHOULD IMPROVE PLAY OF SOME CRICKETERS	B A T I N G			
12 IT'S SOMETIMES HEAVY WORK MAKING PROGRESS THROUGH	M R E			
13 WILL USUALLY DESTROY A MAN'S REPUTATION	B B L E			
14 GREENS FLUNG ON COMPOST HEAP ARE QUITE COMMONLY FOUND THIS	R O T E D			

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Bulletin" and "Gazette."

P.O. Value ..... CLOSING POSTMARK
No. ..... MONDAY, APRIL 27
Signed .....
Address .....

8 COLUMNS FOR ONLY 1/6

To the 4 cols. on coupon you may add extra 4 cols. in blank margin on right. Total entry-fee for 8 cols. is 1s. 6d. only, including TWO FREE.

—CUT ROUND THIS LINE—

ADDRESS ENTRY as at foot of column

RULES With Xwords you may enclose "Bullets"—see entry-fee covers both entries.

1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Xwords First Prize will go to competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or ties. Awards value £50 between Runners-up. Not more than one Xword Prize per contest allowed to any one entrant. Complete Xword in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword columns used. Two Xword columns FREE with each six paid. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross & Co.; write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contests, to appear in "John Bull" dated May 16, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

£200 for 'BULLETS'

PRIZES Value over £200

FIRST PRIZE - £50 CASH
Others-£20 £10 £5 £4 £3 £2 36/- 34/- 32/- 30/- 20 of 10/-
50 of 2/6 etc. 1000 MERIT AWARDS
FIRST PRIZE WIRE—FRIDAY, MAY 8

USE ANY OF THESE "EXAMPLES"

TO make a Bullet simply add TWO, THREE, or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the "Examples" below.

Result of "Bullets" No. 1,317 appears on page 14

DAY OF VICTORY
THIS IS 1942, YET
THE GERMAN NATION
WHEN THE ATTACK COMES
IF WE CAN
SIGN OF THE TIMES
MR. MOTORIST
ONE MORE
REAL KINDNESS
TOO MUCH TALKING
CAREFULLY
ODDLY ENOUGH
JOB FOR THE COMMANDOS
THE CLOTHES PROBLEM
MAKING WHOOPEE
HOW TO START
PARADISE FOR BRASSHATS
ON THE WAY HOME
LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT

Six "Examples" here are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

PAYS THE.....
LOST IN THE.....
PROUD OF HIS.....
JUDGING BY THE .....
IN THE NAME OF.....
AS OLD AS.....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets on this Coupon, including 1d. for "Bulletin" and "Gazette."

P.O. Value..... Signed.....
No..... Address .....
Closing Postmark Mon., 1,321 Apl. 27

—CUT ROUND THIS LINE—

ADDRESS ENTRY

"Bullets" No. 1,321 or Xword No. 272, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.)

OXYDOL'S LIVELY LATHER GIVES MORE WASHING PER COUPON!

SAVES CLOTHES COUPONS, TOO! Your soap rationing problems fly out of the washtub as soon as you put Oxydol *in*! Oxydol's lively lather *goes farther;* that's why you get far more washing from Oxydol's rich, lively lather . . . more than you can ever get from ordinary suds! Oxydol actually does up to *twice as much washing per coupon!* Prove it for yourself! Oxydol—the safe granulated soap—saves your clothes coupons, too, by making clothes last longer. Oxydol cuts down "washtub wear and tear" by washing clothes clean in *absolute safety*. With Oxydol in the washtub there's no need to punish your clothes. Start making this double coupon saving—by getting Oxydol today!

A CLASS I PRODUCT
3½d. size—1 coupon
7d. size—2 coupons
At your shop.

THOMAS HEDLEY AND COMPANY LIMITED, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE

What do I do...

to save petrol and rubber?

You may not have a car or motor cycle, but you can still help to save rubber and petrol.

Cut down to the absolute minimum your demands on shopkeepers' delivery services.

Do your shopping personally and carry it home yourself. *Never* ask for odd items to be "sent," but carry your own shopping bag.

Every delivery van on the road is using (a) petrol which is brought here at the risk of men's lives, (b) rubber which now cannot come to us from the East, and (c) man-power which would be better employed in smashing the Axis.

Cut this out—and keep it!

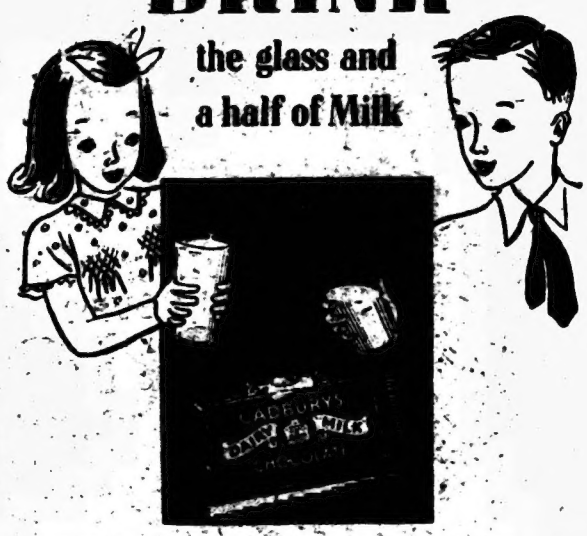
Issued by the Ministry of Information

Space presented to the Nation by the Brewers' Society

So now you

DRINK

the glass and a half of Milk



It is some time since Cadburys had milk for their chocolate, and their supplies of Milk Chocolate are now exhausted. So Milk Chocolate, for the moment, must say 'Farewell.' The milk goes on your doorstep now—half-a-million pints a day of it to help your children's health!

ISSUED BY

CADBURYS

FROM BOURNVILLE—*the Factory in a Garden*

"YOUR LITTLE WONDERS"

(as I call the tablets)

THANK YOU FOR YOUR MARVELLOUS YEAST-VITE

Liverpool.
Feb. 26th, 1942.

Dear Sirs,

I take this opportunity to thank you for your marvellous Yeast-Vite tablets.

For years I suffered from indigestion and sleeplessness. A fortnight ago, on the advice of a friend, I started taking your tablets and was absolutely amazed at the results. Since then I have never looked back and am not likely to as long as I keep your little wonders (as I call the tablets) at hand.

(Sgd.) S. B.

A GREAT TONIC

York, March 1st, 1942.

Dear Sirs,

I am a State registered nurse. I had occasion to take a course of your wonderful Yeast-Vite tablets some 16 months ago, as my nerves were in a shocking state. I really found them a great tonic and I cannot speak too highly of what they did for me.

Since then I have had splendid health and should never hesitate to take them again should the necessity arise.

(Sgd.) G.N., S. R. N.

Chippenham, Wilts.
Feb. 23rd, 1942.

Dear Sirs,

I have been suffering from nerve trouble, a cough and chest trouble, for six months.

I am 76 years of age, and have been subject to these attacks each winter. I was recommended to try Yeast-Vite tablets and have given them a trial and am feeling much better. I have derived great benefit and am sleeping better and I wish to thank you for your wonderful remedy.

Make what use you like of this testimonial. (Sgd.) F. M.

Accept This Offer!

If you suffer from Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Nerves, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Constipation, simply obtain a 1/4 bottle of Yeast-Vite at once. If you don't feel better QUICKLY, return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford, within one month of purchase, and your money will be refunded at once and in full. YEAST-VITE tonic tablets, 1/4 and 3/3, including purchase tax. Sold Everywhere.

EASY
SHAVING STICK
GOOD FOR MORE THAN
100 SHAVES

7½D *(includes purchase tax)*
NO COUPONS REQUIRED

E 339A-757-38 A *LEVER* PRODUCT

To the better end

Nobody wants to waste good tobacco these hard times. But how many of us smoke each pipeful right to the end and enjoy every puff? Everybody ought to, and everybody can, if only he takes the trouble. Here is one of a few simple rules given us by a man who makes each pipe last an hour without relighting. He happens to be a devotee of Four Square—but you could probably get similar results with any other good tobacco.

Hint No. 4

Keep your pipe between your teeth, don't keep taking it out of your mouth between puffs, like you do a cigarette. And if it shows signs of going out, try breathing out through the pipe occasionally as well as drawing in. This creates a two-way draught and keeps the tobacco alight without burning your tongue.

FOUR SQUARE

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